The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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LATEST WAR NEWS.

THE BOERS RETREAT WITH THEIR GUNS FROM MODDER RIVER.

Seized with Panic they Fled Before the British Troops.

The Mirror of Life

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jack Hicks (Mile End).—1. The "Sugar" Goodson v. Jack Hicks fight took place in St. Andrew's Hall (Archdeacon Dunbar's Chapel, by some called Tavistock Chapel), in Tavistock Street, W.C., on March 27, 1822. 2. Veterans race took place in 1893.

D. Pebbles (Kippen).—J. Goodall, Derby County, played for England against Wales at Cardiff, March 14, 1898, at Glasgow on April 4, 1896. Goodall played for England when Scotland won. In the match England v. Scotland (Inter-League), April 11, 1896, Goodall played for England, when England won by five goals to one. We cannot find any record of the above playing for Ireland against Scotland.

H. Payne (Paddington).—1. In Scotland at a music-hall in Glasgow. 2. Six rounds.

Jem Goode.—The contest between Jem Goode and Mickey Rees took place in 1877.

F. Hales.—The winner of the One Thousand Guineas has never won the Derby.

P. Mahony.—One mile in 4min 19 1-5sec by W. G. George.

W. Leith.—Both named Parker for £100 a-side.

R. N.—He retired from the ring in 1860.

T. O. L.—He has never boxed in this country.

M. A. C.—1. Jem Corbett beat John L. Sullivan in twenty-one rounds. 2. No. 3. About twelve years.

Subscriber.—It was decided as "no contest" by the referee.

A. C. Embers.—1. No; he was got up unassisted. 2. Ten seconds only.

D. Wins.—They make their own rules.

E. Roberts.—1. The record was published with the portrait. 2. Certainly.

W. A. Armstrong.—Yes, very pleased if you will send or call.

C. P.—It was an exhibition not a contest.

T. W. C.—108 out of 343 mounts.

Charles Merton.—A ten rounds contest.

Yid.—The two mile tandem event was void.

G. Harman.—Amateur costume: the drawers just cover the knee, and vest with socks and shoes.

C. Brooke.—1. Small gloves. 2. Three rounds.

A. Brownlow.—113 yd 1 ft by James Finney.

W. Porter.—1. Eight runners. 2. Yes, two different horses would be favourites in different rings. 3. You pay.

D. A.—1. Systems look well on paper, but do not work out. Yours would require a big bank. 2. No.

H. T. Orton.—It would count as a dead bird.

L. L. D.—1. W. Perkins with 6 min. 23 sec. for one mile. 2. Yes, on good authority he is said to have beaten this by a few seconds.

J. Field.—The whole of the money was posted in our hands.

F. Morton.—Tom King and Heenan fought for £2,000.

T. Just.—The present champion is J. J. Jeffries.

A. O. T.—Tom Sayers died on November 8, 1865.

W. Rowles.—The circle is 9 ft. in diameter.

T. A. Banning.—Galtee More won the Two Thousand Guineas in the record time of 1min 40 3-5sec.

F. Fekell (Gloucester).—We have read your article, and think it very interesting; but pugilistic contests are seen from different standpoints. Jeffries in fighting a "ruffian" fighter like Sharkey, adopted different tactics to those displayed when contesting with such a consummate master of the art as Bob Fitzsimmons.

Taffy (Pontypridd).—1. As reliable as records go. 2. Yes. 3. Fistiana. 4. Boxiana and Pugilistica; to obtain same advertise for them.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

A CHAT ABOUT RECENT BOXING BLOWS.

THE MODESTY OF MODERN CHAMPION PROS.

FOOTBALL VERSUS THE PUNCHING BALL.

THE STATUS OF AMATEUR BOXERS.

Purifying sport at the present day would require as great an effort as the hardest of the tasks given to Hercules—viz., the cleaning out the Augean stables. Pedestrianism long ago was killed by the flagrant performances of some of its professors, it being no uncommon thing for pros. to fall down in front of the tape, neither desiring (from some interested motive on the part of the wirepullers) to pass it, and thus the public were defrauded of their sport, and more often of their money. Again, it was a crying scandal, long before it was brought under the notice of the Jockey Club and jockeys suspended, how certain knights of the pigskin sent their commissioners into the ring to bet on their behalf before the start, ramping their owners and the public, and last week we had to chronicle two cases of boxing in which Mr. Arrangement was said to have had a hand. Our daily sports leave it to others to pull the chestnuts out of the fire and ventilate abuses; but in the days of old when only one big weekly sporting paper existed, which was the Sir Oracle of the sporting world, malpractices, such as have recently taken place in the boxing world, would have been visited by ostracism, and their names never mentioned but as "unknowns" in any matches or challenges they might make.

"Modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman." This is a quotation from our English grammar, but modesty is not a quality that at the present time distinguishes our candidates for championship honours. Jeffries writes: "As soon as I attach Corbett's scalp to my belt I will make a match with McCoy." McCoy writes: "I will gladly meet Jeffries ten days after his fight with Corbett, and I will make him regret the meeting the rest of his life." Jem Corbett writes: "McCoy shows his fine judgment in selecting me for a contest. He knows a clever quick man in good condition can beat a big, slow, truck horse like Jem Jeffries." Sharkey writes concerning "Kid" McCoy: "He is in great luck to have the match with me at all. He got out of his last battle alive, but I do not see he has done much fighting since. He will do a great deal less when I get through with him." We simply quote the above to show the self-satisfied modesty of our present-day fighters. On paper, with a bit of salt, each fighter could not only kill, but gobble up the other. If all these heavy-weight fighters meet as "arranged"—"arranged" sounds badly, but we must let the term stand—the public will have a bit of a surfeit of things pugilistic before the repealing law goes into effect on the end of September. Speaking of "arranged" reminds us of Heenan's fight with Tom King. In the days of old, when a man stood squaring, he also had to take something also with the squaring dues. It is said—and on very good authority—that when Heenan took £4,000 to square him in his fight with Tom King, he had also to take a "dose" (said to be nicotine) to prevent him putting the double on the squarers. This does not appear to have acted sufficiently to demoralise Heenan's immense physical power, for what was not in the play was Heenan's knocking out King, who was insensible for four minutes. Yet the referee, the late Ned Smith, of *Bell's Life*, did not give the fight to Heenan, as he said he was not appealed to. In fact, it is said the watch in the commotion which ensued when King was stretched out, was snatched from Ned's hands by the late Jerry Noon, who was evidently in the know. Was Ned in the know? If some of the gentlemen who listen to Mr. Arrangement at the present day had to take a dose to prevent them putting the double on their tempters there would be less of the ramping which brought pugilism, and which now threatens to bring boxing, to an untimely end. Big purses and big stakes are provocative of these ramps. We have seen really desperate and good glove fights where the surroundings were common and the stakes only amounted to a couple of sovs a-side.

The great football cup match at the Crystal Palace, in which the game was of the most one-sided nature, four goals to none, brought together a congregation of nearly seventy thousand persons. Great as is this number, football at the present day has not half the attraction in the present that pugilism had in the past—taking into consideration the difference in the population. It is on record that when Tom Spring, of England, fought his second battle with Jack Langan, of Ireland, on a raised stage at Worcester, thousands journeyed from London and all parts of the country in weather of the severest kind, when travelling was by the old stage coach or waggon, when the travellers were likely to be snowed up or beset by robbers. Personally, we would rather see a contest between two big really scientific men, where both were triers, than any football match where malpractices take place, to avoid which the noble art was instituted. "No hitting below the belt" is the first principle of boxing, yet, reading last week of accidents and deaths by football, most of the injuries were received in the lower part of the body.

We have heard that the reason that the powers that be who control the financial arrangements at the championship meetings for not assisting poor candidates for championship honours is that they would lose their status as amateurs. Then we should like to know who assisted that brilliant Birmingham brigade of boxers numbering Anthony Diamond, Tommy Hill, &c., to train and pay their expenses to these championships. Who, we ask, paid the expenses of Parkes and Brewer when they trained at the Derby Arms, East Sheen? We will give a case in point. Harry Jacobs, who met Bert Brewer, is a plumber who could not afford to lose time or money to go away and train. Harry went straight from his work to the championships, and in one bout met Brewer who had been away training under the eyes of a professional trainer who seconded him, or was in the dressing-room with him at St. James's Hall. In this bout we think Jacobs most decidedly won, although the judges, many of whom have never handled a boxing-glove except to inspect it as a curiosity, thought not. Had Jacobs been assisted in his training he might now have drunk out of a ten guinea silver cup, and had a certificate of merit framed and glazed hanging in his best room.

THE LATE GENERAL VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL,

Who was the Adviser and Prominent Leader of the Boers Against the British.

(With Portrait.)

M. de Villebois-Mareuil has been the tactician of the campaign on the Boer side. He it was who was largely responsible for the formidable resistance to General Buller, and it was recently announced that he received the thanks of the Transvaal Executive for his services. He retired from the French Army two years ago, in consequence of a domestic bereavement, although his prospects were exceedingly brilliant. Soon after the outbreak of the war he opened negotiations with Dr. Leyds, and a bargain was struck for his services. He was 52, and left the Military Academy of Saint Cyr in 1868, receiving a commission as lieutenant of marine infantry. With Generals Joubert, Cronje, and Villebois-Mareuil gone, the Boer army is deprived of its three most prominent and best leaders.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Mr. Douglas Holman, Dan Butler, Edward Butler, W. Whale, C. Davis, J. W. Gott (of Bradford), M. Walkesbarre, Miss Julie Jacobs, Charley Deane (vocalist), Sid Scales, H. West, Frank Turner, W. G. George (holder of the mile record, 4min 12⅘sec.), J. T. Hulls, jun., Alf Stanbrook, Tommy Hogan, Sam Craig (coloured), Ben Bridgewater, Hal Hopkins, Barney Sheppard, Bill Lampshire (matched with C. Simpson, Birmingham), Bill Rance (Lampshire's trainer), Jem Barry (St. James's), Harry Day (canine fancier), Dan Morris (pugilistic veteran), "Wag" Ashley, Charley Williams (ex-8st champion), K. Fox, Thomas Lansdown (jockey), Joe Rowe (patriarch of the prize ring).

WOMEN FIGHT A DUEL IN MEXICO.

The Principals Were Afterwards Arrested.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The duel grew out of a love affair. Rafael Riquelme went to a ball accompanied by Senorita Marta Duran, the belle of the city. Senorita Juana Luna, to whom Riquelme had been paying marked attention, also attended the ball. She saw Senorita Duran, in company with Rafael. In a passion she confronted Senorita Duran, and after a quarrel challenged her rival. The challenge was accepted, and the next morning the two women, with four seconds, drove in carriages to a vacant piece of ground near Romita, in the outskirts of the city. The rivals stripped to their waists, and the signal for the encounter was given. In the second round Senorita Duran was the aggressor. Her terrific thrusts, however, told upon her strength, and then Senorita Luna took advantage, and made a savage lunge at her breast, inflicting an ugly wound. In the third round Senorita Duran was weak from the loss of blood, and Senorita Luna inflicted a wound on her sword-arm. She dropped her weapon, and the duel was over. The women kissed, and the vanquished one renounced Riquelme.

BILL WOOD, OF CLAPTON.

Who was to Have Met Jack Goldswain, of Bermondsey, at the N.S.C., April 23.

(With Portrait.)

We first saw Wood at the Goodwin Club, where the lad acquitted himself well against a much larger lad, Arthur Ward. The following is Wood's record:—Won Harry Houldsworth's 7st 6lb competition; beat Forster, 2rds; beat Chard, 3rds; beaten by Arthur Ward, 6rds; beat George Johnson, 6rds; beat Arthur Abbott, 8rds; beat George Johnson again, 6rds; beat Dave Gough, 3rds; beat Jem Knowles, 1rd; beat George Cunningham, 8rds; beat Alf Mortimer, 2rds; beat Alf Green, 5rds; beat George Cunningham again, 4rds; beaten by Alf Green, 8rd; beat Bill Corbett at the N.S.C., on Monday, April 26, and defeated Jack Roberts in the final; beat Nat Smith, 7rds; beaten by Jack Roberts, 10rds; beat Billy Ryan, 20rds; beat Jack Dixon, 6rds; beaten by Jack Goldswain, 15rds.

CHARLEY BROWN,

A Clever Boxer, who Hails from Stamford Hill.

(With Portrait.)

Beat Joe Berry, Wood Green, 4rds; Jack Mills, Edmonton, 3rds; "Punch" Wilson, Marylebone, 3rds; Jack Hughes, Soho, 2rds; Harry Harris, Wood Green, 2rds; Frank Scott, Waltham, 3rds; Harry Clark, Wood Green, 4rds; Alf Garrett, Bermondsey, 6rds; Bob Ireland, Hackney, 2rds; Charley Cameron, Deptford, 3rds. Beaten by A. Willoughby, Hounslow, 6rds. Fought a draw with Canby, of Cambridge, 10rds. Beaten by Talbot Rowley, 8rds. Beat Charley Harrison, Tottenham; beat Joe Gagg, Stamford Hill, 7rds. Received forfeit of £10 from Bert Smith ("Irish Count"). Won a 9st Novices' Competition at N.S.C., beating Dick Dean, Notting Hill, first bout, Bill Wood, Bermondsey, second bout, Pat Tilley, Somers Town, in final. Beat Archie Phillips, for £40, in 2rds, at N.S.C.

GEORGE W. THURLING, JUN., AND THE WHIPPET STARGAZER.

(With Portrait.)

The subject of our illustration is young George Thurling, so well known in Smithfield, where his *père* has resided for many years, who is best known now to the London public as a resolute promoter of the dog-racing sport. But we regret to say that the sire, although expending money freely in order to purge the sport, has not met with the success that he deserves; perhaps this may fall to the son's share, who should follow in his father's footsteps. The whippet Stargazer is a 35lb dog and has accomplished what no other dog in London has yet done, viz., to run second in a Lancashire handicap starting from scratch. It is to be hoped that he may eclipse this performance.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for "Greek" George, Bobby Dobbs, Frank Leon (two), R. H. Page, Charles Mitchell, Dick Burge, J. E. Donegan, P. J. King, P. Gorman, George Slark, Angus Griffo, John F. White (three), Bob Fitzsimmons (three), Ernie Greaves, John Manibusan, Billy Plimmer, C. McCoy, Driver Pincher, J. Eden, H. Chance Newton, J. Corbett, Claude Thompson, Jem Hall, George Fox Giles, Ted Wakeham, Jem Holloway, G. J. Smink, Tommy Hogan, E. Pritchard, Billy Ross, Mr. Frank Kempton, Bert Smith (Irish Count), Jack Fairclough, R. Josephs, and Mike Flynn.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

FRENCH RETAKES THE WATERWORKS.

GEN. ROBERTS MOVES.

REBELS SENTENCED.

HOPE FOR MAFEKING.

LORD ROBERTS reports from Bloemfontein, April 23, that twenty-five men of 1st Worcester are missing; fifty-three were sent with Wood to an outpost after dark, and only eighteen (? twenty-eight) returned. Their numbers and names will be reported to-day, as well as those of four men who were wounded yesterday. He despatched 11th Division, under Pole-Carew, and two brigades of cavalry under French yesterday to assist Rundle. The force reached Kareefontein without much opposition. Pole-Carew's Mounted Infantry seized Learwkop (? Leeuwkop), a high hill a few miles north of their last night's position. Enemy evacuated it hurriedly, leaving some rifles and ammunition behind them. General Pole-Carew's division of infantry, supported by two brigades of cavalry under the command of General French, has moved eastward. Yesterday morning the force occupied the waterworks with slight opposition. The 8th Infantry Brigade then moved towards Leeuwkop, which is in the line of march to Dewetsdorp. This is a rather high hill very suitable for defensive purposes. It was found to be occupied by the enemy, who had thrown up entrenchments, and who met the advance of our infantry with a brisk rifle fire. The troops, however, secured good cover, and the British artillery opened on the enemy's position. While their trenches were being thoroughly shelled the 4th Cavalry Brigade, under Major-General Dickson, worked round the enemy's left flank. The artillery with Dickson's brigade got too close to the Boer position, and came under a vigorous fire from the Boer pom-poms. The artillery had to withdraw under rifle fire with the loss of two killed and three wounded. The British mounted infantry attacked the Boer right flank, who, sheltered by the rocks, opened a heavy fire from rifles and their "Pom-pom." Our men advanced over the open ground in splendid style, by a succession of short rushes, falling prone while pouring in their volleys. The approach of darkness threatened to leave the Boers in possession, but just before sunset the Essex Regiment gallantly pressed forward and drove the last of the enemy from Paarde Kraal, a bold spur of Leeuwkop. The Boers were not in great force. Indeed, their numbers were too slender to hold their long line of defence; but their retirement opens up twelve miles of front, and will probably result in the evacuation of the kopjes to the east of and commanding the waterworks. General French is now in command.

OUTFLANKS THE ENEMY BY A BRILLIANT MOVE.

MASERU, April 23 (11.5 a.m.).—General Brabant's force, after engaging the enemy, yesterday morning got round their position on Bushman's Kop, and outflanked them. This was a very fine movement. At dusk British forces, apparently infantry, were seen approaching from two directions with what appeared to be the object of surrounding the kop. As darkness came on these developments could not be seen, but if our conjecture is correct the Boers must either make their escape by night or be obliged to surrender in the morning.

HOPE FOR MAFEKING.

All hopes of the relief of Mafeking rest on the movements of Sir Frederick Carrington. There is no relief force of any kind operating from the south. In any event Sir Frederick Carrington will be able to reinforce Colonel Plumer, who may soon retake the offensive.

ENEMY RAISING THE SIEGE BEFORE BRITISH ADVANCE.

MASERU, April 23.—Wepener has been practically relieved by the withdrawal of a great part of the enemy's investing forces, and Colonel Dalgety has remained to-day almost unmolested. The latest reports are that our forces are bivouacking within about eight miles of Wepener to-night, and that the Boers round the town are moving about uneasily, as if preparing to abandon their positions.

SENTENCES ON REBELS.

Thirty-six rebels captured by Colonel Pilcher were convicted to-day. The ringleaders were sentenced to five years' imprisonment and the others to three years', except those under age, who received sentences of from six to twelve months. The prisoners were sullen, and refused to plead or to cross-examine. It was really a hopeless case, as they were caught red-handed.

ROMANCE OF THE TURF AND PRIZE RING.

FOR some reason or other Gladiateur, the great French horse, was the object of public spite when it won the Derby, and the life of Harry Grimshaw, the jockey who rode the animal, would not have been worth a "tinker's curse" if Jem Mace had not seized the little man round the waist, and, fighting his way through the crowd, was so hard pressed that he had to spring the glass door leading to the weighing-room. In doing this Jem Mace was badly cut, and being matched at the time with Joe Wormald, the late Bos Tyler, who was looking after the interests of Joe, raised a shout of exultation, thinking that Jem Mace would have to forfeit, as in spite of Mace being voted to have the "white feather," the backers of Joe Wormald did not care for their job. Jem Mace, to whom Count Lagrange, the owner of Gladiateur, made a grand present, was fortunately only slightly injured, while Joe Wormald had to forfeit a good sum owing to straining his biceps while using the dumbbells during his training. Gladiateur, thirty-five years ago, was in the front rank of prize-winners. His wins in three years—that is, until he retired to the stud as a four-year-old—amounted to £31,076; and in this particular he can claim precedence of the mighty Ormonde, Galtee More, and Lord Lyon. And this reminds us that Gladiateur was the product of what might euphemistically be termed a love match. His sire, Monarque, was turned out, being, it was thought, useless, on the estate of his owners, which bordered on the forest of Fontainebleau. Whether the freedom, having to forage for himself, or the occasional excitement of kicking out the brains of wolves who attacked, gave him a new lease of life, is uncertain; in any case he got one. Coming near the home paddocks a filly, named Miss Hector, whinnied—it was only a little whinny—but the foal was Gladiateur, destined as a racehorse to beat the world. He won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, Grand Prix de Paris, St. Leger, and other notable races.

Tass Parker, who in after years was engaged by Mr. Merry, the big ironmaster of Scotland and racehorse owner, to watch his horses, was at one time, in spite of his prowess, considered one of the biggest curs in the prize ring. This reputation Tass gained during his two fights with Hammer Lane, of Birmingham. Tass Parker, who died at seventy-five, was a curiosity, but not nearly so great as Mr. Merry. Mr. Baird, of Gartsherrie, a rival ironmaster, the father of the late squire, Abington Baird, had given a quarter of a million pounds to the kirk of Scotland (then called by the wits the biggest fire insurance policy then known). One day the two plutocrats met. Said Mr. Merry in broad Scotch:

"Is it troo that I hear you have given thot blessed soight of bawbees to the kirk when yer dinna knoo the Laird's prayer?"

"I-doo know the Laird's prayer," retorted Baird.

"I'll lay ye a hoondred sovs. ye dinna ken it!"

"Done," said Baird.

The bet was booked, both ironmasters having sporting blood in their veins, and Baird commenced the "Laird's prayer" thuswise:

"The Laird is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Merry payed over the bet, remarking that that Baird was a "douce" man at his prayers.

When Thormanby won the Derby in 1860, Mr. Merry, the Scotch ironmaster, netted some £85,000 in bets. Mr. Matthew Dawson, who trained the horse, was wont to say that he never saw so strange a sight as when Thormanby's owner and his wife, seated at a table in their house at Eaton Place, were counting out the notes and making the cheques into bundles for paying into the bank. This Derby, by the way, was memorable for another incident. It was generally believed that Henry Custance would ride the horse, but to his surprise and chagrin he heard a short time before the race that J. Sharpe, the jockey, was coming over from Russia to steer Thormanby. Tass Parker, a pugilist employed to keep the touts away from Russley, where the horse was trained, went over to Brussels to bring Sharpe over. So secretly was this done that even Sharpe's relations did not know of his presence in England. To Parker's care he was committed, and the latter had particular injunctions to keep the lad from his besetting sin, drink. Accordingly, Sharpe, wearing a pair of blue spectacles, so as not to be recognised, did sweating work on the road in the neighbourhood of Ashstead. While out, Parker and he met Sharpe's brother Edward and Sam Rogers, who were also out wasting. Rogers said: "Ted, I believe that is your brother Jack." "Nonsense," replied Edward Sharpe, "he is in Russia." Now, Tass Parker was anything but a young man, and the superintendence of his charge's wasting operations was by no means an easy task. Consequently, when he got home he left Sharpe while he went to have a bath. Thereupon Sharpe applied to Mrs. Nesbitt, the wife of Squire Heathcote's butler, where they were staying, for some brandy, asserting that he did not feel well. She took him about half a pint in a decanter, and when Tass Parker went to see how his charge was progressing, he had progressed so rapidly that the decanter was empty. This occurred on the morning of the day fixed for the race! Parker, of course, told Matthew Dawson, who, in turn, informed Mr. Merry. The last-named, always of a suspicious nature, at first refused to put Sharpe on the back of Northern Light, the second string, who was to make the running, but after a sharp argument Matthew Dawson had his way. Custance and Sharpe changed the first and second colours of the owner, and Custance rode Thormanby to victory.

A NEW YORK CRAZE.

Wealthy Members of Society Gamble for Large Sums.

(Subject of Illustration.)

VERY recently in America, many in the best society in New York have had a gambling craze, and the names of several well-known men on Wall Street have been mentioned as having lost huge sums of money at one sitting. "Poker" is the game, and to open one Jack pot was worth about £4,000. One gentleman staked all and more than he could afford, and when his opponent pocketed the money, the loser dropped his cards, and fell in a fit. Even for the most wealthy, play of this kind is doing a great deal of harm in society.

A NEARLY FATAL ENDING TO FOUR WOMEN.

A Gas Explosion Renders Them Unconscious.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A GAS explosion took place, and which at first was thought to be of fatal consequences to several women who were in the room at the time. Fortunately, although they suffered from the concussion, they are now on the right road to recovery, but the furniture was wrecked, and how the women escaped with their lives is a mystery, considering the damage done. People visited the spot in large numbers, but with the exception of the windows the house has its normal appearance.

A CONTEST WITH SKIN GLOVES.—A twenty rounds contest with skin gloves took place between G. Harper (Salford) and T. Paseley (Leeds). The betting was 3 to 1 on Paseley. Details: First Round. Paseley led with a right to the jaw, and a couple of body hits, his opponent landing a left to the wind. Round 2. Harper beat his man round the ring till the bell rang. Round 3. Paseley fresh, upper-cut his man, and had him like a paint shop, Harper going to the boards, but was soon on his feet again. He hit his man low down, and was cautioned. Round 4. Harper went into his man for all he knew, and floored him four times in quick order. Round 5. Some good foot-work, both being covered with blood—Harper's round. Round 6. Harper opened the last round with a left to the heart, which dropped Paseley, to be counted out, and Harper getting the verdict, which was very popular, this being Harper's second knock-out in four weeks.

JACK REED IS OPEN TO SPAR OR fight Con Sullivan from £5 to £50 if the licensed victualler and sportsman, his patron, will find battle money. Articles to be signed at the Dog and Duck, Salutation Square, Haverfordwest.

FRANK PARRY, OF STOCKTON, LATE Kilburn, wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hetherington, of the Grey Horse Hotel, Stockton-on-Tees, also Jimmy Mulligan and all the merry little punters that rallied round him during the six months he was laid up with an injured knee.

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M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.

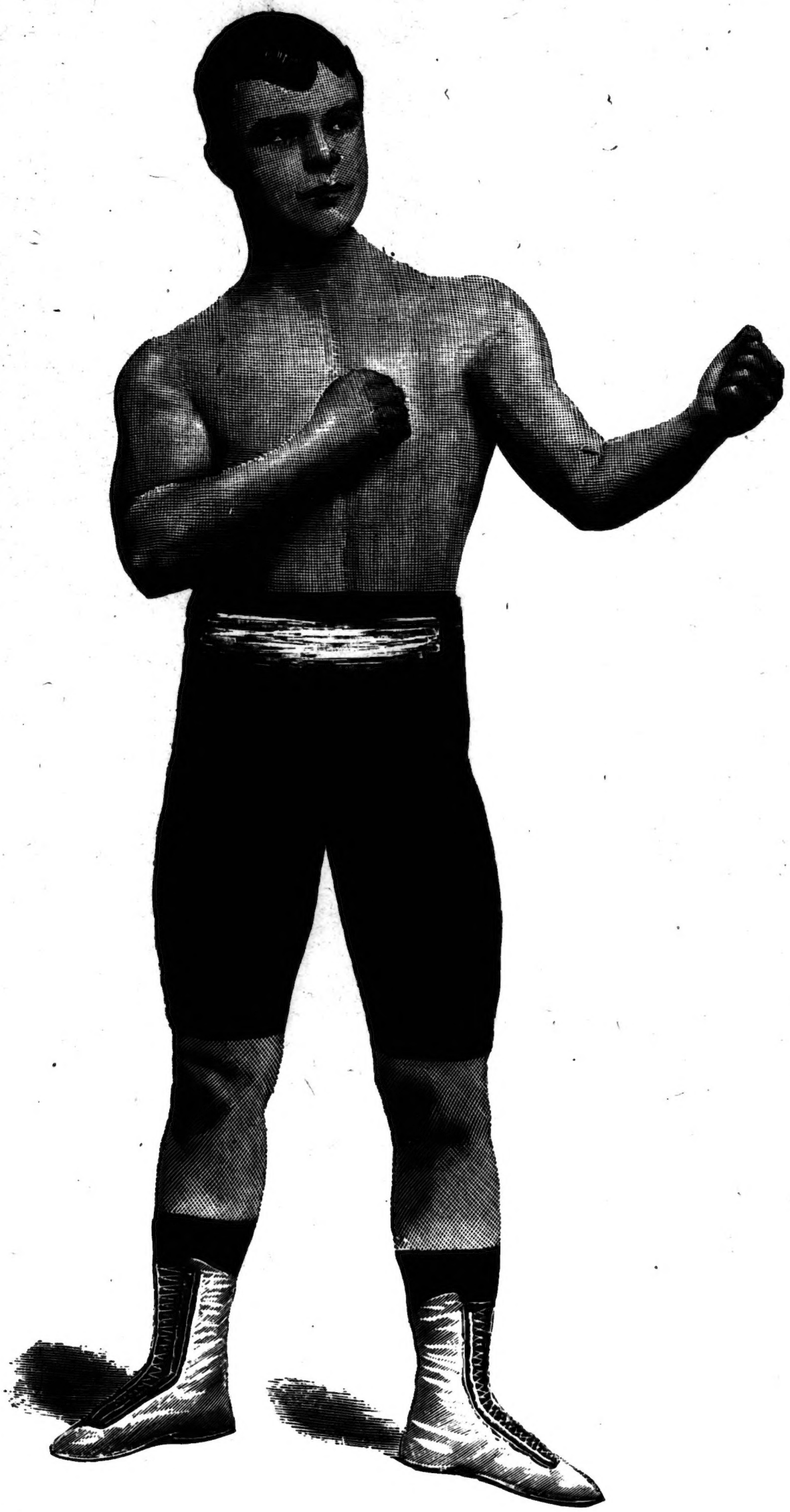
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind; here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

GEO. W. THURLING, JUN., AND THE WHIPPET STARGAZER.

A NEARLY FATAL ENDING TO FOUR WOMEN.
A Gas Explosion Renders them Unconscious.

A COUPLE OF TENDERFEET HELD UP.
They are Compelled to Stand Drinks to the Motley Crew of Miners and Indians.



ERNIE STANTON,

Who Fought "Pedlar" Palmer for the Bantam Championship, now Proprietor of the Trafalgar Hotel, Liverpool.

PRIMROSE DAY.
THE ANOMALY.

RADICALS WEARING PRIMROSES on a day sacred to the Earl Beaconsfield, the greatest of Conservative leaders, the Minister who made his Queen and Empress, is certainly an anomaly, but a greater anomaly was that committed by a celebrity called "Daddy" Hoof, a few years ago, one of the most famous frequenters of the American bar at the Criterion. Drinks sold at this bar are like Sheridan's dollar line in "Fun on the Bristol." It is a bob for every drink, but you have free use of the whisky bottle and the soda syphon. "Daddy" used to place three fingers round his glass, the ridge of the top finger being the high-water mark for the whisky, and this filled up from the syphon was "Daddy" Hoof's quantum suff. Go when you would into the American bar at the Cri. you invariably met "Daddy," who had a history. His father was a contractor in the days of the Brasseys, the Petos, the Myers, the Cubitts, &c. Men who made large fortunes by their contracts. It was said that when his father died Daddy was left something more than a "plum" (£100,000). It is unnecessary to say that Daddy went the pace; went to all the fights and heavily supported the principal fighters, and at the races backed his fancy, which did not always win. Well, on a certain Primrose Day, Daddy's tall figure, with a huge Gladstone collar which caused the joocse youth of the West to exclaim: "Mind how you turn the corners, Daddy," was at his usual pitch with a smile most childlike and bland, contemplating the three-finger dose of whisky and soda, when a well-known comedian came into the bar for his "Shillingsworth of poison." Noticing Daddy with a huge bunch of primroses on his chest, and his Gladstone collar projecting from the front of his shirt like the bowsprits of two ships, the comedian, as if struck with an idea, exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, you are an anomaly." "An anomaly," exclaimed Hoof. "How am I an anomaly?" "Because you wear a Gladstone collar round your neck and a bunch of primroses in your buttonhole." It wanted another whisky three-finger deep to wash this down, and as Daddy Hoof meditatively drank it, forgetting on this occasion to give the syphon a turn, the old man exclaimed "I see the joke now, ha! ha!"

COMPETITIONS AT CANTERBURY.—Much interest was centred at Canterbury on Wednesday in the mounted competitions of the south-eastern military district for the medals and other prizes offered by the committee of the Royal Military Tournament, with the object of selecting the best men to compete at the Agricultural Hall Military Tournament. Sergeant-Major Cousins (Carabineers) did best, and secured premier honours for sword v. sword, and also in tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, and heads and posts. In the latter competitions Corporal Studdard, of the same regiment, came second, while Corporal Kibler (5th Lancers) took second honours in sword v. sword. Special interest was evinced in the final of the sword and lance competition, in which an Elandslaagte celebrity appeared in Corporal Kelly (5th Lancers), who is credited with having impaled two Boers who were riding on the same horse. After an exciting bout, Kelly, who is now quite convalescent, defeated Sergeant-Major Cousins by three points to two. Subsequently the selected bareback equestrians from the riding establishment, under Major Matthews, whose exhibitions are always so attractive a feature at the tournament, went through their feats.

CYCLING.—PLATT-BETTS BEATS the Record.—J. Platt-Betts, the famous short-distance racing cyclist, followed up his fine riding of Saturday last by setting up a new mile world's standing start paced record at the Crystal Palace on Monday, riding the distance in 1min 39 2-5sec. The previous record was held by J. Green at 1min 40 2-5sec, made last year, also at the Crystal Palace.

THE "WOBBERLEY WALK" IS A song sung by Charley Deane (brother-in-law to George Corfield). It is a skit on the Cake Walk, and has proved very successful. Deane is singing the song at the Standard, Pimlico, and the Empress, Brixton. Charley has taken the Aldgate Baths for boxing, and intends to make it hum.

CUTTING DOWN THE RECORD.

PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE FROM 1806 TO 1900.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE SHOWS the progress of the trotting horse in harness and under saddle from the earliest performance of which any record has been discovered down to the present day:—

	Saddle.	Harness.
Yankey. Harlem Race Course, Harlem, N.Y., June, 1806 ...		2.59?
Boston Horse, ch g (1796). Philadelphia, Pa., August 25, 1810 ...		2.43½
Screwdriver, ch g (1819), by American Commander. Long Island Trotting Course, Jamaica, L.I., May 15, 1826		2.48
Trouble. Union Course, Jamaica, L.I., October 3, 1826		2.43½
Rattler. Long Island Trotting Course, Jamaica, L.I., October 3, 1827		2.42
Screwdriver. Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., May 15, 1828		2.40½
Topgallant, b g (1810), by Coriander. Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 7, 1830 ...		2.39
Edwin Forrest, bl g (1824). Eagle Course, Trenton, N.J., Nov. 15, 1833		2.37
Edwin Forrest. Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., May 9, 1834		2.31½
Sally Miller, b m (1825), by Tippoo Saib, Jr., Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 21, 1834 ...		2.37½
Sally Miller. Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 21, 1834		2.37
Edwin Forrest. Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16, 1835		2.36½
Confidence, b g, by Sir Henry. Harlem, N.Y., Dec. 5, 1838 ...		2.36
Dutchman, b g (1826), by Tippoo Saib, Jr. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., July 4, 1839		2.33
Dutchman. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., July 18, 1839. ...		2.32
Dutchman. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., August 1, 1839		2.28
Lady Suffolk, gr m (1833) by Lewis's Engineer. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., July 4, 1843		2.28
Beppo, ch g (1830), by Gifford Morgan. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., July 4, 1843		2.28
Lady Suffolk. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., July 12, 1843 ...		2.26½
Lady Suffolk. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N.J., October 13, 1845		2.29½
Lady Suffolk. Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., June 14, 1849 ...		2.26
Pelham, b g (1837). Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., July 2, 1849		2.28
Tacony, ro. g. by Sportsman. Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa., June 2, 1853		2.25½
Highland Maid, b m (1847) by Saltram. Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., June 15, 1853		2.27
Tacony. Union Course, Jamaica, L.I., July 14, 1853		2.27
Flora Temple, b m (1845), by Bogus Hunter. Union Course, Jamaica, L.I., September 2, 1856		2.24½
Lancet, bl g (1849), by Hill's Black Hawk. Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., September 30, 1856		2.25½
Lancet. Hartford, Conn., October 10, 1857		2.25
Flora Temple. Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., August 8, 1857		2.23½
Flora Temple. Centreville Course, Jamaica, L.I., August 9, 1859		2.22
Flora Temple. Cincinnati, Ohio, October 7, 1859		2.21½
Flora Temple. Kalamazoo, Mich., October 15, 1859		2.19¾
Gen. Butler, bl g (1853), by Smith Burr. Fashion Course, Flushing, L.I., October 8, 1862... ...		2.21½
Gen. Butler. Fashion Course, Flushing, L.I., June 24, 1863 ...		2.21
Dexter, br g (1858), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Fashion Course, Flushing, L.I., October 10, 1865		2.18¼
Dexter. Fashion Course, Flushing, L.I., August 18, 1863... ...		2.18
Dexter. Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., July 30, 1867...		2.19
Dexter. Buffalo, N.Y., August 14, 1867		2.17¼
Goldsmith Maid, b m (1867), by Alexander's Abdallah. Milwaukee, Wis., September 6, 1871		2.17
Goldsmith Maid. Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., June 9, 1872 ...		2.16¾
Occident, br g (1863), by Doc. Sacramento, Cal., September 17, 1873		2.16¾
Goldsmith Maid. East Saginaw, Mich., July 16, 1874		2.16½
Goldsmith Maid. Buffalo, N.Y., August 7, 1874		2.15½
Goldsmith Maid. Rochester, N.Y., August 12, 1874		2.14¾
Goldsmith Maid. Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., September 2, 1874		2.14
Great Eastern, b g (1869), by Walkill Chief. Fleetwood Park, New York, N.Y., September 22, 1877		2.15¼
Rarus, b g (1867), by Conklin's Abdallah. Buffalo, N.Y., August 3, 1878		2.13¼
St. Julien, b g (1869), by Volunteer. Oakland, Cal., October 25, 1879		2.12¾
Maud S. ch m (1874), by Harold. Rochester, N.Y., August 12, 1880		2.11¾
St. Julien. Rochester, N.Y., August 12, 1880		2.11¾
St. Julien. Hartford, Conn., August 27, 1880		2.11¼
Maud S. Chicago Driving Park, Chicago, Ill., September 18, 1880		2.10¾
Maud S. Pittsburg, Pa., July 13, 1881		2.10½
Maud S. Rochester, N.Y., August 11, 1881		2.10¼
Jay-Eye-See, bl g (1878), by Dictator. Providence, R.I., August 1, 1884		2.10
Maud S. Cleveland, Ohio, August 2, 1884		2.09¾
Maud S. Lexington, Ky., November 11, 1884		2.09¼
Maud S. Cleveland, Ohio, July 30, 1885		2.08¾
Sunol, b m (1886), by Electioneer. Stockton, Cal., October 20, 1891		2.03¾
Nancy Hanks, b m (1886), by Happy Medium. Washington Park, Chicago, Ill., August 17, 1892		2.07¼
Nancy Hanks. Independence, Ia., August 31, 1892		2.05¼
Nancy Hanks. Terre Haute, Ind., September 28, 1892		2.04
Alix, b m (1888), by Patronage. Galesburg, Ill., September 19, 1894		2.03½

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT Aldershot.—The Royal Military Tournament at Aldershot was, consequent upon the troops being away at South Africa, very considerably robbed of its customary importance in the matter of entries in the various mounted and dismounted competitions, but the presence of a few incoming regiments, and a number of Militia and Royal Reservists, had a great deal to do with making up a very successful, if necessarily contracted, show. The winners in these contests have the sole right of participation at the Royal Agricultural Hall, which opens on May 17 next, in addition to which bronze and silver medals and money prizes go to the competitors who distinguish themselves. The whole of the arrangements were admirably carried out under the superintendence of Colonel the Hon. Scott Napier, Captain W. Edgeworth Johnstone, and their staff of gymnastic instructors under Sergeant-Major Palmer, whilst nothing was wanting on the part of the representative committee of judges and ringmaster. At the conclusion of the proceedings the prizes were presented by Mrs. Montgomery Moore. Details: Sword v. Lance.—Final: Sergt.-Instructor in Fencing Baldwin, 7th Dragoon Guards, 1; Staff-Sergt. Farrier Fawkes, 2nd Dragoon Guards, 2; Sergt. Gettings, 2nd Dragoon Guards, 3; Staff-Sergt.-Maj. Reilly, 7th Dragoon Guards, 4. Sword v. Sword.—Final: Sergt. Robinson, 2nd Dragoon Guards, 1; Sergt.-Instructor in Fencing Baldwin, 2; Sergt. Gray, 2nd Dragoon Guards, 3; Staff-Sergt.-Major Elliott, 7th Hussars, 4. Heads and Posts.—Final: Sergt. Robertson, 1; Sergt. Gettings, 2; Staff.-Sergt.-Maj. Reilly, 7th Dragoon Guards, 3; Reg. Qrmr.-Sergt. Rolfe, Royal Engineers, 4. Foil v. Foil.—Final; Lance-Corpl. Ormerod, Gymnastic Class, 1; Corpl. McNeill, Gymnastic Class, 2. Physical Drill Competition.—Durham Light Infantry, 108½ points, 1; 4th Durham Light Infantry, 104½, 2. Sabre v. Sabre.—Final: Lance-Corpl. Ormerod, Gymnastic Class, 1; Sergt. Cook, Gymnastic Class, 2. Bayonet v. Bayonet.—Final: Lance-Corpl. Roberts, Gymnastic Class, 1; Sergt. Wadley, Gymnastic class, 2. Foil v. Foil.—Final: Staff-Sergt. Adams, Gymnastic Staff, 1; Staff-Sergt. Woolfoot, Gymnastic Staff, 2; Staff-Sergt. Singleton, Gymnastic Staff, 3. A very fine display, each winner being an undeniable expert. Sabre v. Sabre.—Staff-Sergt. Clarke, Gymnastic Staff, 1; Staff-Sergt Adams, Gymnastic Staff, 2; Staff-Sergt. Woolfoot, Gymnastic Staff, 3. Bayonet v. Bayonet. Staff-Sergt. Adams, Gymnastic Staff, 1; Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 2; Staff-Sergt. Woolfoot, 3. Galloping.—S Battery Royal Horse Artillery took the prize.

SPECIAL SELECT DANCING AT Delmonte's Academy. Prizes for a floral march.—Second to none are the patrons of the above select dancing resort, and when a special evening was set aside for a ball during the Easter vacation the occasion was certain to be a success. A success it was, easily beating all previous records and establishing another that it will be hard to beat. As a teacher of the terpsichorean art Prof. Delmonte holds a position at the top of the tree, deportment, grace, and style being taught in a manner seldom seen even in the best palatial residences, and it must have been gratifying to all concerned if only to witness the easy, effectual manner of the exponents of the art. We have danced ourselves into the styles of the many different cities of the United Kingdom, and each and every town has a style particularly its own, but for true style and grace this saloon stands in a foremost position. The stately courtesies of old are taught, as well as the elaborate supple courtly bow that our ancestors loved so well. Indeed, for deportment and gentleness the habitués here are in the first class as exponents of the art of dancing, and with the perfect order maintained excelled all that could be possible at the halls. The band was under the direction of A. Delmonte, with the professor himself acting as M.C. The belle of the evening was Miss Ray Raymond, in white mousseline de soie, trimmed with lace and a few stripes of velvet. Miss Annie Wright easily took the honours as the best dancer. The tit bit of the evening was a grand floral march, during which there were six prizes for the lucky ones. Mr. Ralph Cohen, the well-respected M.C., and Miss Delmonte led the contestants, our representative and Miss Shear being the next pair. To the charming music of many of our patriotic ballads the polonaize was danced, and the three prizes for the ladies were gained by the lady who was the best dancer present, Miss Grewt, and Miss Soskin, while the winners of the gents' trophies were Messrs. Woolf, Tupp, and Abrahams. A grand entertainment was ended just as the midnight chimes rang out by the strains of "Rule Britannia."

SPECIAL FANCY DRESS BALL AT Bonn's Hotel.—A grand entertainment and splendid costumes.—Desirous of adding to the funds for the benefit of our lads in red ordered south, the members and honorary officers of the Citizen Cycling Club arranged an entertainment at Bonn's Hotel, Great Prescott Street, when the whole of the profits went to increase the *Daily Telegraph* fund for widows and orphans. It took the form of a fancy dress ball, but it was not compulsory to enter in costume, and a goodly number of those present came in ordinary evening costume. To insure it being a success four prizes were offered to be competed for, half of them being for the ladies the remainder for those of the sterner sex. Sir George Faudel-Phillips generously presented the first prize, Mr. B. J. Joel the next, and the members of the committee the remaining two. A large number of officials are not needed, providing they attend to the business, and though small in quantity, they all worked extra hard, and those who acted as stewards were: Messrs. H. Myers, A. and J. Harris, D. Levy, A. Alverez, Harry Phillips, D. Hyams, and the hard-working hon. secretary, B. J. Joel. The principal costumes were supplied by J. Hyman and Co., L. Benjamin, Clarksons, as well as several less renowned costumiers. The entertainment was timed to begin at 8 o'clock, but it was later than that when the first comers arrived, and they continued till the last one came about 11 p.m. The first were the Three Musketeers, and then in succession came an officer in the 11th Hussars, Robin Hood, two Clowns, King Charles, Steward officers in mess dress, Gipsy Queen, Belle of New York, Folly, Spanish dancing girl, Richard III., Cavalier, Spring, Red Indian, Lord Charles Beresford, Mephistopheles, Toreador (a little girl), Lord Kitchener, Santoi, Pierrot, Fisher Lass, Babes in the Wood, French Maid, Costermonger, Bugler Dunn, Baby, Swedish Peas, War of Roses, St. James and St. Giles, Beefeater, Bird, Cat, Shamrock and Columbia, Bohemian Gipsy, Sitenia, Jester, Telegraph Girl, Red Cross Nurse, Gems of the Empire, Harlequinade, Daughter of the Regiment, Swedish Peasant Girl, Dog, Norwegian Lass, Stage Clown, &c. During the whole of the evening the usual styles of dancing were gone through, Messrs. Harris and Hyams acting as M.C. Many good dancers were present, and Miss Annie Nathan took the position as the best exponent of the terpsichorean art. With this lady as a partner we, to the grand waltz time, reversed the whole distance, but the lady was quite capable of going on for double the time without feeling any effects whatever. Four representatives of the Press were present, and our reporter, with the others, acted as judges. A very hard task it was to find the winners of the trophies, though the prize for the best-dressed gentleman was a walk over. Mr. J. Hyman, the son of the well-known costumier, was dressed in the costume that took the prize at Covent Garden. The pressmen thought that as he was in the business, he ought not to compete, but hearing many remarks that were the reverse of complimentary, refused to retire, and thus had what really amounted to a walk over. The prize for originality went to the Cat. The ladies were hard to judge, but after a long time had been spent in discussing the characters, the Norwegian Lass came first, Spring taking the honours for the original section. For the best dress Columbia and Shamrock ran a close bout with the winner, but the green harp of Ireland and the emblem of the ould country were absent, and lost her the prize. Gems of the Empire ran a race for originality with Spring, but whereas England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales form the Empire, they are not the gems belonging to it. Spring really looked well, and with all the seasonable flowers surmounting a yellow satin costume that seemed as if it was reflecting the rays of the sun upon a May day, was only returned as winner of the prize, after a deal of argument. Had the gentleman dressed as General White competed he would have had a good chance with the cavalier, as even to the face the hero of Ladysmith was well represented in the costume of a Gordon Highlander. Mr. Bonn presented the £3 3s that was paid for the hall to the fund amidst great cheering, everybody joining in singing "For He Is a Jolly Good Fellow." After the judges had given their verdict, supper was announced, and about 150 of those present did full justice to everything that was put upon the table, after which the hon. secretary stated that the entertainment had resulted in over £20 being added to the *Telegraph* Fund, and that he hoped they would increase the amount on a future occasion. On returning to the dance room songs were intermixed to vary the proceedings, and the first turn was little Susie Myers, six years old, who sang "Rhoda and Her Pagoda," the beautiful song from "San Toy," and was deservedly encored. Among the vocalists the following deserve mention:—Charles Stevens, "The Return from South Africa"; Little Ella, "The Trumpet Call"; H. da Costa, "Jenny Belle"; I. Cohen, &c.

GRAND LIMELIGHT BALL AT LIME-house.—On Friday evening a select dancing carnival was held at the Limehouse Town Hall, under the direction of John Green and Lew Sheere. It speaks and shows the respect

that these well-known East-end favourites are held in to state that the large saloon was crowded, and had there been many more present, instead of it being really a pleasure to have a turn round the hall, it would have caused many to stand out of a few dances. Anyhow, during the evening there was close on 400 present, and all were satisfied with the evening's sport. The Albany band, under the direction of L. Sheere, played all the popular tunes of the day, either set to valse, polka, schottische, or barn dance time, and if possible added to its reputation. In the dances the limelight changes looked well, every colour of the rainbow showing its brilliancy, but too much of this limelight would ruin the eyesight, and with a change to the less powerful but better light the effect was unnoticeable. Kaleidoscopic quadrilles and shadow waltzing were the change from everyday life, and with the many different shades, that to the turn of the lever changed from white to red, yellow, green, brown, blue, pink, &c., showed to advantage. It was hard work to find the belle of the ball amidst the variety of dresses of every hue and shade that was possible, and with the brilliant and neat costumes harmonising with the usual sedate dress of the sterner sex the effect was easily seen, as both equally benefited by the comparison. Among this splendid company Miss Hertz took the position as belle of the ball, looking very sweet in a blue bodice of a very neat hue with a black skirt, and a collar of white lace that fell in folds on the breast adding to the charm by its neatness and simplicity. Miss Levy in white, with a yoked bodice trimmed with embroideries that glittered in the brilliant light, ran well for the honours as well as Miss Annie Davis, who had on a slate costume neatly trimmed, with a bodice the front of which was formed in a polonaise with orange-coloured cloth and lace, looking neat, as they were shaped into small squares. The ladies present were all fine exponents of dancing, but one could not be more than perfect. Miss Phillips deserves the honours, as it did not matter whether it was polka, valse, redowa, mazurka, or waltz time; every step of this lady to the tunes of the band was in proper order, and to watch her with a good partner was indeed a treat. The M.C., Mr. George Warner, had a hard task to perform, as keeping 400 of both sexes in control wants doing, but understanding his business the M.C. satisfactorily performed his arduous duties. It is a pity that when smoking is prohibited gentlemen should light their cigars and cigarettes, and the result was that two ladies had their dresses burnt, and it is to be regretted that where it is not permitted smoking should take place. Among those present were M. Bloom, M. Goldstein, Phil Michaels and a party of friends, Young Keil, Lew Joseph, the well-known commission agent, Will Ward. B. Constad, J. Hart, M. Allman (alias Dick Dunn), A. Carnoo, B. Silver, Peter Roberts, T. Grizzard, Jack Hunt, L. Cohen, B. Boslar, M. Springer, B. Allman, C. Taber, S. Green, E. Lyons, E. Percy, R. Goldberg, N. Cooper, J. Cohen, H. Levy, T. Nathan, L. Sugarman, E. Greenbaun, &c. Dancing was kept up till at 4 a.m. the strains of "God Save the Queen" sent everyone away contented.

A MEMORIAL TO "DEERFOOT."—Body of the Noted Indian Runner to be Removed to Buffalo.—A movement has been set on foot by Joseph Keppler, the well-known wrestler of the New York A.C., to raise a fund among his club-mates and sportsmen generally for a headstone to mark the grave of the Indian, "Deerfoot," the pioneer long distance runner of America, who died a few years ago and is buried on the reservation of his tribe in this State. Keppler, who is a Seneca Indian by adoption, visited the reservation lately and noticed that the great runner's grave was a simple mound, unmarked by even a slab of wood or stone. Old Indians, who remember "Deerfoot" in the zenith of his fame, occasionally place wild flowers on the grave, but there is nothing to indicate the last resting place of the man who, in the early sixties, defeated the flower of England's professionals and established a record of 11 miles 970yd in an hour, that remained as a record for twenty-five years. On his return from the reservation, Keppler wrote to Mrs. Converse, who, by adoption, is a sister to "Deerfoot," and also to the Buffalo Historical Society to see if his body could not be removed and reinterred in a plot owned by the society at Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo. This has been agreed to, and Keppler has promised that the society shall be put to no expense by the removal or erection of a suitable memorial. It has been suggested that the money needed, about 150dols, be raised by a popular subscription from those interested in athletics, and that each donation be limited to 1dol. "Deerfoot's" performances are a matter of history with athletes. His real name was Lewis Bennett, or, in the language of his tribe, Hot-tyo-so-do-no, which means "He peeks in the door." He was born on the Seneca Reservation in 1830. He belonged to a noted Seneca family. His paternal grandfather, Noah Two Guns, served in the war of 1812. "Deerfoot" made his first appearance on the racetrack in 1856 at a fair held in Fredonia, where he ran five miles in twenty-five minutes for a purse of 50dols. His next race was in Buffalo, and he defeated twelve Indians and one white man a ten miles race in fifty-eight minutes. In 1861 he went to England. His greatest pedestrian achievement, which ranks as one of the foremost of the century, was at London, April 3, 1863. He stepped on his mark clad in the attire of his people. His strong loins were decorated with his native kilt of light cloth, ornamented with porcupine quill-work and beads. Circling his jet-black flowing hair sat a fillet of silver, adorned with one eagle feather, the symbol of victory and power. Buckskin moccassins that, drawn over his feet, gave play to the well-developed muscles completed the attire in which he awaited the word. As he started he gave a quick, defiant glance at the spectators, lifting his head, and then shot out into the track with the steady flight of an Indian arrow. Mile after mile he strode around the track with the unswerving persistency of his ancestral racers on a war trail. Thus on and on he sped, undisturbed by the cheering applause of the multitude, whose enthusiasm was ungovernable until he left the record behind him, at eleven miles, and continued another mile at the same unapproachable speed. "Deerfoot's" figures were as follows: Eleven miles in 58min 52sec: 11¼ miles and 99yd in 59min 54sec; 12 miles in 1hr 2min 2½sec. In the exact hour he covered 11miles 970yd, and this record was not broken until 1897, when F. E. Bacon ran 11 miles 1,243yd in the hour, and this year Harry Watkins ran 11 miles 1,286yd in the hour.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION Challenge Cup.—Before a huge crowd, officially returned as numbering 68,945, and in glorious summer weather, Bury and Southampton on Saturday last met at the Crystal Palace, for possession of that much coveted trophy, the Football Association Challenge Cup. The result was a most disappointing one, as far as the supporters of the Southern club is concerned, for Bury from start to finish were masters, and won easily by four goals to love. At the close the Cup was presented to the winning captain by the president of the Bury Club, Lord James of Hereford, to whom a vote of thanks was proposed, in an amusing speech, by the Earl of Rosebery.

HARRY DAY, THE CANINE FANCIER, Down a Coal Pit.—Harry Day, who has the management of Mr. Calcutt's famous deerhound champions, took a deerhound bitch to Mrs. Armstrong, Castle View, Durham, who has the champion deerhound of the world. Harry had a regular holiday, calling at Jemmy Lowes's saloon and seeing some of the best glove fighting he has witnessed for years among colliers who know something of the game (Harry used to frequent George Langan's, The Cambrian, Castle Street, Leicester Square, in the long ago). Jemmy Lowes would have Day call at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office to tell us all about it, and Harry came into the office with a large parcel, which we thought was a present from Jemmy Lowes and his wife, but Harry, on opening it, showed us two great lumps of coal which he had struck off himself from a seam at the bottom of a coal pit. Harry brought home with him the following certificate: "To whom it may concern. This is to certify that Mr. Harry Day has been down the Bushy Pit at this colliery (depth from surface 210yds) and hewn for himself a piece of coal. Taken down pit by J. A. Hutchinson, surveyor at above colliery."

WON A FORTUNE ON THE TURF.

WILLIAM LOVELL, better known as "Bill" Lovell, died recently at his home in New York City, after a lingering illness. His death ends one of the most eventful careers known to the turf. He was born in England seventy-six years ago, and went to America when eight years old. He once told a reporter of the *Sun* that he was a newsboy when the paper was established and sold the first day's edition on the streets of this city. When Boston and Fashion ran their great four-mile race on Long Island is the early half of the century, Lovell, then a mere lad, trudged on foot out to the old Union Course, got into the enclosure to see the contest, and then and there began his turf career.

At the age of twenty-five the gold excitement lured him to Australia, where he struck it rich and bought a string of racehorses. When gold was discovered in California in 1849 Lovell crossed the Pacific to the Golden Gate, and repeated there his successes of the other side of the globe. It was not until about 1860 that he returned to New York. Here he bought the noted trotting mare, American Girl, 2:16¼, and owned her until she dropped dead on the track at Elmira. She was the rival of Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, and Lucy, 2:18¼, and won many thousands of dollars in purses and pools for her wily owner. Once at Cleveland, in the seventies, Goldsmith Maid met with a mishap which resulted in her getting distanced. American Girl won the race in easy style. The betting was 100dols for the Maid to 15dols for the field, and this was likely the hardest jolt the old mare ever gave to her supporters.

From the trotters Lovell turned to the runners, and for several years was quite successful in his operations. But he met with heavy reverses in later years, having lost upward of 200,000dols in one season it is said. His pool-room ventures were at first profitable, but later they proved disastrous. Only three or four years ago, when the Percy-Gray law was enacted, the veteran made a book on the trotters at Fleetwood Park, where he was arrested in order to make a test case for the courts. His health failed about a year ago and he went to Florida last fall, hoping to be benefited by the climate.

ERNIE STANTON,

Who Fought "Pedlar" Palmer for the Bantam Championship, now Proprietor of the Trafalgar Hotel, Liverpool.

(With Portrait.)

ERNIE STANTON, who is now mine host of the Trafalgar Hotel, Waterloo Road, Liverpool, was but a few months ago a bantam-weight, and scaled 8st 3½lb when he last fought for the championship, but his now portly frame tips the beam at 12st 8lb. All sportsmen should pay Ernie a visit when passing through Liverpool, where they may be sure of a warm welcome.

HARRY LEVY, OTHERWISE SAVAGE,

The Caterer of the Prize Ring.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY LEVY, otherwise Savage, was for more than 40 years the caterer to the London prize ring, and saw all the fights that have taken place for the last sixty years. Harry, whose father died at 104 years of age, is now in his 76th year, and a wonder as far as appearance goes for his age.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was sitting in a big chair in his Broadway café the other night perusing the newspapers through a pair of eyeglasses. When I asked him how he felt he said: "I haven't taken a drink in seven months, and it'll be a long time before I touch liquor again. I weigh 300 pounds now, and yet it does not inconvenience me at all. Some of those wise guys laughed when I said I'd quit the old stuff, but they wouldn't bet with me, so I lost a chance to win many a hat. Do I think I could train for another fight? Well, I'll tell you, young feller, what I think I can do. I might be able to work off sixty or seventy pounds in six months. Then I'd be right to take on some of these big bluffs for six rounds. I couldn't go any further than that, but I'd make some of them look sick. One good punch on the jaw would prevent them from talking so much. I exercise every day now. I strengthen my legs by rising 100 times on my toes every morning. Then I go through various other exercises, which make me feel good. If I was to train real hard I might be able to get in shape for a short bout." Sullivan then ordered a bottle of lithia water, lighted a black cigar, and he continued: "Do you know who is the heavy-weight champion to-day? Why, I am. I was never whipped in a bare knuckle fight, and that was the only real way to find out what a man was made of. The glove business is all very pretty, but there's too much fuss and feathers about it. There's just one suggestion, by the way, I'd like to make to those fellers that run boxing in this country. Take the referee out of the ring, let the timekeeper keep track of knock-downs, and, best of all, do not let a fighter know how long he is down. Make every man get up as soon as he can, instead of sitting on the floor resting while the referee counts. Another thing, cut hugging and wrestling out. The Queensberry rules are all right. All this guff about new rules and the attempts of a lot of wise ducks to draw them up give me a pain. Let the referees and fight promoters study the Queensberry rules, and they'll be better posted than they are. When a referee makes arrangements with two men as to how they shall fight the spectators ought to be put next. 'The men will box straight Queensberry rules!' is all the announcement that we hear at the Broadway Club. Why nine men out of ten down there don't know what Queensberry rules call for. Instruct the crowds, instruct the fighters, and let the referees study the rules, and there'll be no trouble." "What do you think of the proposed Jeffries-Corbett mill?" I asked. "Well, if it's on the level, Jeffries will win easy," was the reply. "Corbett can't hurt him, and Jeffries can hit a blow that'll knock the other guy's head off if it lands. In my estimation Fitzsimmons is the greatest fighter in the ring to-day. I believe he was dosed when he met Jeffries, for he never put up a poorer argument in his life. McGovern, too, is a wonder." Just then a party of Boston men introduced themselves to John, and asked him what he'd have. "A cigar," said Sullivan in a deep voice that could be heard the length of the room.

JOHNNY HANSON IS APPEARING at the Middlesex in his "Naughty Dustman" sketch.

THE BROTHERS GRIFFITHS PROvide a very funny turn at the Hammersmith with their Blondin donkey.

THE MARVELLOUS GRAGGS AND Sebaldus Schaffer, the renowned equilibrist, are two big turns at the Royal.

"LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIment," a comedy from the pen of Mr. Carton, is down for production to-morrow at the Criterion.

ARTHUR PLAYFAIR WILL SHORTLY reappear at the Palace Theatre, where he will give his imitations of leading actors.

ON SATURDAY EVENING NEXT the successful "Miss Hobbs" at the Duke of York's will be followed by a new Japanese tragedy, entitled "Madame Butterfly."

THE BOXING HARVEY BOYS ARE a big turn at the Canterbury, and their new messenger boy skit is capitally received. R. G. Knowles, the McNaughtons, and Miss Rosa Glenn are also huge favourites in a big programme.

A VERY POPULAR TURN AT THE Queen's, Poplar, is Rumbo Austin and his comical nippers; "I'll give 'em acrobats," remarks Rumbo as he lays about them with a bladder. The boys appear to enjoy the fun equally with the audience. Miss Julie Mackey, of "orange peel" fame, receives a big ovation for her "Just one girl" ditty. Leonard Barry, Gus Hindell, Baker and Balfe (xylophone performers), and many other capital turns, including war pictures and a couple of first-rate sketches, are also billed.

THE ALHAMBRA PROGRAMME IS a huge success. Chung Ling Soo, the Chinese magician, is making all and sundry sit up; his tricks are astonishing, especially that of catching gold fish with a rod and line in the air. Chung comes to the front of the stage, makes a cast, and hey presto! a gold fish is seen wriggling on the hook, the angler pops him into a globe of water and repeats the experiment. On the night of my visit he fished and caught three; it is a pretty and effective trick. The rest of the programme also numbers some excellent turns.

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE IS always crowded at both performances, and, as a further proof that the popularity of this house is not on the wane, standing room has been at a premium, and on Bank Holiday over 1,000 people were unable to obtain admission at the second performance. A strong company has been engaged for this week, comprising A. C. Lilly, who is appearing in the popular military sketch, "Drummed Out" (first time at this hall); he is supported by a powerful company and a host of auxiliaries and full drum and fife band. Capital items are also contributed by the Sisters Preston, George Barron, the O'Malleys, Miss Amy Lawrence, Captain Slingsby, the Donatos, Phil Herman, and others, including that very popular burlesque actress Miss Maggie Duggan.

"FLORODORA" (WHERE THE PERfume comes from) looks like running its merry course at the Lyric for a considerable period. Miss Evie Greene, as Dolores, sings with particular charm, and her dresses are admirable in taste and most exceedingly becoming. Miss Ada Reeves is simply magnificent, and dances and sings with her accustomed vivacity. Two of her songs, "Tact," and "An Inkling," are sung to tremendous applause. Miss Kate Cutler sings and whistles delightfully. Willie Edouin catches on directly he appears, and of course helps along the fun considerably. Charles Stevens, Sydney Barraclough, and Louis Bradfield all work hard and well. The chorus is extremely good and numbers some charming combinations of colour and a crowd of considerably pretty girls The piece is carried along with a pleasant swing, the acting is good, and there is plenty of bright and sparkling music allied to an interesting story. It is all very light and pleasing and as fragrant as the sample bottle of "Florodora" perfume which is presented to the gentler sex visiting the Lyric.

DAVE.

GERALDINE FAIR. IRENE BENTLEY. ETHEL ELVERTON. MAYME GEHRNE.

Four Beautiful American Actresses who Recently Arrived in London from New York by the s.s. St. Paul.

WOMEN FIGHT A DUEL IN MEXICO.
The Principals were Afterwards Arrested.

HARRY LEVY, OTHERWISE SAVAGE,
The Caterer of the Prize Ring.

POLICE RAID A LONDON CLUB.
Arrested Men March Through the Streets.

THE LATE
GENERAL VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL,
Who was the Adviser and Prominent Leader of the Boers Against the British.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.
Indian Stretcher Bearers with the Army Hospital Corps.

WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Mules Drawing a Maxim Over Difficult Ground.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during April:—

APRIL 26.—At the New Adelphi Club, Maiden Lane, W.C.: Tom Cooper v. Alf Fielder, six rounds; Tom King v. Tom Hands, six rounds; Sid Scales v. Con Barrett, six rounds; Geo. Cooper v. Joe Parker, eight rounds; Harry Ashley v. Jack Guyon, eight rounds.

APRIL 26.—At Wonderland, Joe Smith's grand assault-at-arms: Tom Ireland v. Harry Greenfield, fifteen rounds; Jack Lewis v. Joe Ross, fifteen rounds; Dick Tiddiman v. Jack Mitchell, ten rounds; Albert Hollings v. Geo. Shepherd, ten rounds; Tom Woodley v. George Penny, ten rounds; Alf Holden v. Harry Edwards, ten rounds.

APRIL 30.—At the National Sporting Club, London: Bill Lampshire v. Charlie Simpson, fifteen rounds; 11st 4lb novices' competition; and other boxing.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

BILL WOOD DEFEATS JACK ROBERTS.

A SURPRISE FOR THE JORDAN PARTY.

JEM STYLES BEATS DICK JORDAN.

THE SIGN THAT THE BOXING season is on the wane bore evidence at headquarters last Monday evening, when, although a good bill had been provided, the attendance was hardly so good as usual, but, as is sometimes the case, the programme brought forth a large amount of excitement and surprises, notably in the case of Ben Jordan, the English feather-weight champion, who was nearly put out by Bill Fielder, a youth in every way at a disadvantage with the Bermondsey favourite. The principal engagement was to have been between Bill Wood, of Clapton, and Jack Goldswain, of Bermondsey, at 9st 4lb, but the latter found the weight very difficult to get to, and was compelled to give up training and forfeit. The management to save the affair from falling through entirely elected Jack Roberts, of Drury Lane, to fill the vacant place, but he was hardly so fit as Wood, and after a hard, determined struggle lasting three rounds Wood landed the right on the desired spot and won a sensational bout. The officials were:—Mr. J. H. Douglas, referee; Mr. E. Corri, timekeeper; with Mr. A. F. Bettinson, M.C. Details:—

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

DAVE MORBIN beat ALF GOODSON.

Morbin was first off with a couple of left leads for the body. Goodson replied on the dial, and as Morbin weaved in Goodson popped in the right. The second round Morbin tried the left; both rattled away, Goodson having slightly the best of it. The third meeting was pretty evenly contested, Goodson stronger, but Morbin quicker on his feet kept his opponent a bit busy. Up for the fourth round Morbin as usual was the first to commence, and at out-fighting scored with the left. Goodson tried the right and drove the left smartly home on his rival's ribs. Leaving their seats for the fifth, after several exchanges Goodson found the floor from a tap on the ribs. He rose, Morbin very busy, Goodson hitting a trifle the hardest in a stubborn go. The last round Morbin was quicker in his deliveries, and gained the verdict.

A THREE ROUNDS TRIAL.

G. CUNNINGHAM v. JOE CLAY.

The countryman immediately rushed his man, but after several heavy exchanges George shot the left on his opponent's short ribs, and he dropped, being unable to continue.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

JACK GUYON beat DAVE LOCK.

After a busy exchange Guyon twice brought Lock down. The latter declined, and the bout ended before the expiration of one minute in favour of Guyon, who out fought his man from the start.

A TRIAL.

JERRY DRISCOLL v. GEORGE PENNY.

They started quietly, but improved as they went, finishing up well.

THREE ROUNDS SPAR.

PEDLAR PALMER v. SID SCALES.

Pedlar, smart in his deliveries, was a bit too quick for his opponent in a good trial.

THREE ROUNDS SPAR.

BEN JORDAN v. BILL FIELDER.

Jordan caught an unlucky right, and was twice toppled over, coming up very groggy, when Fielder tried the pivot hit. The second round Fielder very trickily avoided his man, Jordan going for all he was worth. The last round was Jordan's, and Fielder audibly asked him to let up.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL CORBETT beat DICK DEAN.

Corbett had the best of the opening round. Dean made a couple of leads, and Corbett joined and slipped down in the second round, a busy affair. Up for the third time, Dean forced the exchanges, and Corbett neatly countered. So far anybody's battle. The fourth round, as Dean came in Corbett shot the right on the wind, and repeated the dose. Both played for the body, Corbett a trifle the best. The fifth Dean had all the worst of the business, Corbett sending his rival to the ropes with heavy body hits. The last round was give and take, and in a clinch Corbett was forced down. After a rare tussle Corbett won.

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

JEM STYLES beat DICK JORDAN.

Styles, bigger and taller, feinted for an opening. Jordan tapped his ribs. As Styles went in Jordan met him with the left on the dial. Jordan appeared nervous. A quiet round. The second round Jordan swung the left, but failed. Both landed on the dial, and clinched. The third time of leaving their chairs Jordan received a caution for hitting in holds. Styles, very cool, waited, and shot in a stinger on the dial, and had the best of the argument at long range, rattling up his man. Up for the fourth time, Styles cut out the work, and getting on his opponent's ribs and dial, drove Jordan to the ropes. The latter had the worst of it, and went a bit tired. The fifth round Jordan fought hard to get a lead, and put the left on the dial, Styles retaliating cleverly on his opponent's frontispiece. The sixth go Styles forced the pace; both wild in their delivery, and stumbled to the floor. On rising both busy at close quarters. Styles scored, and Jordan hung on his man to avoid. The seventh meeting, Styles quick and a bit clever, made the most of the opportunity, getting in one or two without a return. Jordan slipped on one knee; on rising he continued to hold, and was disqualified.

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL WOOD beat JACK ROBERTS.

Bill Baxter, Pat Daly, and George Osborne were in Wood's corner, while Harry Greenfield and Bill Watson esquired Roberts. All ready, and they started for round 1. A well-fought round, Wood improving at the finish, driving home the right on the ribs with force. Jack likes a fight, and Wood joining issue, they went at it hard until hostilities found both on the floor. On rising, Jack forced Wood in a neutral corner, and went well. Coming up for the third time, Jack bustled his man, but Wood waiting, had the best of a slogging go, and with the right brought his opponent down. Roberts tried to rise, but too late. The fatal ten was counted, and Wood gained the award.

FRED JOHNSON AND BILL Baxter.—Noticing the other evening a "mouse," otherwise a black eye, ornamenting the face of Fred Johnson, caused memory to hark back to the days of the Old Pelican Club, when Fred Johnson, of Hackney, beat Bill Baxter, of Shoreditch, for the largest purse then recorded. These were halcyon days for Fred, and the lady who is now Mrs. Baxter was seen the next evening at the music hall with a broché mantle and earrings, both all right for length and quality. It also brought our memory back nearly fifteen years ago to the time when Bob Habbijam gave his champion belts, and when he weighed out Fred Johnson with Bill Baxter, the holder, Fred Johnson was about a quarter of a pound over, whereupon the holder of the belt, which had to be retained until three successive wins were recorded to his credit, would not contend. So near were these men as regards form that one would not concede the other a quarter of a pound

THE LANSDOWNE ATHLETIC CLUB.—Entries are wanted for a 7st 6lb, also 8st 4lb, novices competitions, to take place on Tuesday, May 1. Two handsome prizes will be given for each weight. Entries to be sent to G. Elliott, 9, Durant Street, Bethnal Green

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

FINAL OF "JOLLY JUMBO'S" COMPETITION.

THE PROGRAMME EMBRACED A Ten Rounds Contest between Ted Sullivan (13th Hussars) and Alf Barnard (Spitalfields). Ten Rounds: Lew Smith (St. George's) and Nat Keyser (Aldgate). Eight Rounds: Joe Cole (Mile End) and Harry Gills (Bow). Eight Rounds: Jack Hennessy (Mile End) and Bill Whitelaw (St. Luke's). Final of 8st 6lb Competition: Jack Walker and Alf Greer. Six Rounds: Charlie Smith (Spitalfields) and Charlie Cheese (Shoreditch). Six Rounds: Johnny Thomas (Leather Lane) and Ted Goodson (Hackney). Six Rounds: Albert Hollings (Bethnal Green) and Joe Barrett (Clerkenwell). Six Rounds: "Wag" Andrews (Bethnal Green) and Charley Tilley (Somers Town). Six Rounds: Harry Fowler (Bethnal Green) and Jack Williams (Stepney). 7st 4lb Competition: Bill Pincombe (Paddington), George Dunny (Stoke Newington), Fred Stout (Mile End), Frank Exall (Bermondsey), Jem Exall (Bermondsey), Jack Daly (Bethnal Green), "Wag" Hampton (Finsbury), and Joe Tiernan (Clerkenwell). Wind-up, "Pedlar" Palmer and Mat Palmer. The management could not have been improved upon, and the following officiated: Referee, Mr. Sam Jacobs; timekeeper, Mr. Fred Hollingsworth; M.C., Ben Harris; seconds, Joe Anderson, Bill Day, and Albert Dixon. Details: 7st 4lb Competition: Frank Exall beat Fred Stout with a nasty punch in the stomach inside thirty seconds. C. Smirks beat J. Tiernan in the third round. "Ginger" Owen put Ike Moss out in the second round. "Wag" Hampton beat W. Dickerson in three rounds. Three Rounds Exhibition: "Pedlar" Palmer and Mat Palmer.—A splendid display. Semi-Finals: "Wag" Hampton beat C. Smirks.—Round 1. Smirks thinner and rather taller, with a longer reach. Hampton appeared to have the worst of the bout. Round 2. "Wag" Hampton made matters very sultry for his opponent, and scored fast with the left hand. Round 3. Again Hampton mixed it considerably for Smirks, and forced the exchanges. They went fast for the entire four minutes, and Hampton won. Frank Exall beat "Ginger" Owen.—Round 1. Owen much taller, and far longer reach. Exall rushed in repeatedly, and the rallies were frequent. Round 2. Exall smashed in the left, and paid close attention to the stomach. He was the aggressor, and after his antagonist fast and furious to the call of time. Round 3. Results very similar. Owen roused to renewed vigour, ditto Exall, and ultimately, after a fine set-to and grand finish, Exall downed his opponent, who was weak. Exall won. Final (four rounds; referee, Mr. R. Knott): Frank Exall beat "Wag" Hampton.—Exall smaller, and active. He made good use of himself, and never threw away an opportunity, winning after an exciting passage of arms. Eight Rounds Contest: Jack Hennessy beat Bill Whitelaw.—Up to the fourth round the business was very level, first one and then the other taking a lead. In the fifth and sixth bouts Whitelaw, stronger, commenced to obtain an advantage, and Hennessy fought hard. There was plenty of good, straight, left-handed punching in the succeeding bout, Hennessy appearing the more distressed, but by no manner of means idle. Thus the business continued to the bitter end, Hennessy opening a nasty cut on the side of Whitelaw's left eye. The last round found both men eager for the fray, and after some spirited work the verdict was in favour of Hennessy. Three Rounds: Frank Lowry v. Stoker Lynch (Naval Brigade). Ten Rounds Contest: Alf Barnard beat Jem Sullivan.—Round 1. Anticipated a severe engagement. This was their second contest, Barnard having previously won. Sullivan taller, Barnard thicker. If anything in the way of superiority the larger share fell to Sullivan. Round 2. Barnard led off, and made good use of the left hand. Sullivan got close, and rattled Barnard up. Tough fighting amidst great excitement. At last both fell, Sullivan bore the brunt, and could not rise. He was carried to his corner in a bad condition, Barnard rising to his feet comparatively strong. The left-handed dig into Sullivan's stomach would have dropped most men. Three Rounds Exhibition: Jack Scales v. William Mack.—Scales had all the best of the coloured man. Final of the 8st 6lb "Jolly Jumbo" Competition: Six Rounds: Alf Greer beat Jack Walker (Referee, Mr. Bob Knott; judges, Messrs. Will Chapman and Bill Baxter).—Round 1. Greer a little shorter. Walker started very cautiously. Greer short with his deliveries. Walker busier, and nothing of any particular note occurred. Round 2. Walker drew close, and got home the left hand, then a right and left. Greer crossed with the left, and went better than previously. He did rather more of the work towards the end of the bout, and shook Walker up. Round 3. Greer led off a spanker, and took part in a good rally. Again this occurred, but Walker was cooler, and less distressed, forcing Greer round the ring until the final twenty seconds, when Greer got "his own back." Round 4. Greer started the business and Walker did not commence as fast as expected. The rallies were not by any manner of means to the advantage of Walker, who, however, finished stronger and was favourite. Round 5. Greer led and Walker smartly countered him. Greer boxed on the defensive, and Walker now showed himself in better form than formerly. Round 6. Interesting exchanges on the part of both. Greer kept his opponent busy from start to finish, and the close of rally after rally eventually brought about a victory for Greer. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Fowler v. Jack Williams.—Round 1. A real good start. Fowler the best of the bout, and both tired. Round 2. A fast fight, both going hot and strong to the call of time. Round 3. As before, they were hard at it with right and left; both weak. Rounds 4, 5, and 6. Matters were precisely the same in every bout, and a draw declared.

BENEFIT TO DAN MORRIS.—DAN Morris, one of the old veterans of the prize ring, has had many acquaintances with the aristocracy, foremost among whom was Lord Southwold, an Irish peer. Dan also trained Mr. K. T. Digby, M.P., of Queen's County, also Mr. Bernard Mallon, M.P., Queen's County, Ireland, of the Inner Temple, also Mr. Jobling, who beat Mr. Hogarth, the champion of Liverpool, at Bramall Lane, Sheffield. Dan at the present time is about to take a complimentary benefit at the Horns at Kennington on May 3. Dan will be assisted by a host of talent, and will wind up with an old opponent, Jem Fyson.

DAN MORRIS.—THE LIFE OF THIS veteran, whose ring career dates from 1847, will shortly appear in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

CATCH-WEIGHT CONTEST AT MANchester.—The usual periodical catch-weight contest took place last week at Corlette's Rooms, 123, Princess Street, Manchester. The contest attracted four lads, and in the first heat Martin Hogan, of Hulme, after some good boxing got the verdict over J. Macaulay, of Ancoats. The next pair, A. Horsfall, Ardwich, and A. Appleton, Chorlton, gave us some fast work in which Appleton scored the faster, and keeping it up won comfortably. The final between Hogan, Corlette's novice, and Appleton proved rather tame, Hogan having the measure of his opponent all through, and scoring fast and often won hands down.

SID SCALES, OF ST. LUKE'S, not being satisfied with his defeat by Patsy Walsh, will box him eight or ten rounds, or any other lad at 8st 4lb can be accommodated.

S. KNOWLES, R.M.L.I., PLYMOUTH, will box any lad in the navy, garrison, or town of Plymouth the best of twenty rounds, at 9st 2lb, give or take 2lb, for £10 and a purse.

"WAG" ASHLEY AND CHARLEY Exall wish to thank Mrs. and Mr. Page Miss Page, Harry Ware, and old Jerry for their kindness during their stay at Holcot, Northampton.

BOB RICHARDSON, THE "BUTCHER King," of Liverpool, is surprised at Albert Smith, of Rock Ferry, not turning up after challenging him. Richardson is prepared to box him for £5 or £10 a-side and the best purse offered at catch-weight. No more notice will be taken of Smith without he sends a deposit to THE MIRROR of LIFE to show that he means business.

C. FOWLER WILL BE VERY PLEASED to box M. Palmer eight or ten rounds if P. Palmer will give a purse. An early answer from P. Palmer or M. Palmer will oblige. J. Cork can be accommodated on the same terms.

STEVE CANTY TO CAMBRIDGEshire.—Hearing so many rumours lately, Steve Canty is willing to box anybody in Cambridgeshire on their own terms for anything up to £100 a-side. First come first served. Business only meant.

CHARLEY WILLIAMS CALLED UP to THE MIRROR OF LIFE to say that his pupil, Mr. H. Cooper, of the North London and Stanhope Clubs, does not thank his d— kind friends for issuing challenges on his behalf. He is still an amateur, and wishes to remain so.

JEM BARRY, ST. JAMES'S, WILL box A. J. Francis, of Bath, at catch-weight. Barry has no objection to box at Bath.

THE PATRIARCH OF THE PRIZE Ring at THE MIRROR OF LIFE.—Old Joe Rowe, the patriarch of the Prize Ring, who was born in 1819, and whose first fight took place over fifty years ago, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Monday. Joe periodically goes to pay his rent in Norfolk Street, Strand, right opposite the residence of Mr. Dowling, the late editor of *Bell's Life*, a gentleman who knew Joe in the palmy days of the Prize Ring.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

THE FINAL OF THE 7st 6lb COMPETITION.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT, PRIOR TO the above event, J. Nelson and Mat. Taylor, both of Newcastle, took the ring for a twenty rounds contest. Taylor was favourite, but Nelson, the stronger youth, cut out the work from the start. Taylor fought pluckily, but was clearly outmatched, and going down in the eighth round he claimed to have been hit foul. This, however, was very properly disregarded by Tom Murphy, who officiated in this bout as referee, and Nelson was proclaimed the winner. Frank Morecambe (London) and J. Tait (Newcastle) then boxed three rounds, following which the chief event was put forward, for which McDermott was made favourite at 2 to 1. The belt, as well as the money prizes, was handed over at Mr. Hails's house, the Albion, Newgate Street, at two o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. Final bout: H. McDermott (South Shields) beat "Kid" Veitch (Gateshead).—The last named was seconded by Jack Milburn, Sam Franks, Ned McLaughlin, and Jack Jones, while McDermott had in his corner Tom Murphy, Bob Ryan, and H. Nelas. Height and reach were in favour of Veitch, who started in promising form. Making the most of his length of arm, the "Kid" forced the fighting, and raised immense excitement by scoring freely with the left hand. As a fact, McDermott was outpointed on the first round, at the end of which the odds had dropped to 6 to 4. The second was a regular eye-opener, and the way in which the men thumped each other brought everyone of the three thousand spectators to his feet. McDermott, nettled at the way in which he had been served in the first round, fought like a demon, and with Veitch in the same mood the men never flinched or flagged until the gong went, by which time both were nearly winded. There was nothing in it up to the end of the third bout, but in the fourth McDermott put in some splendid two-handed work, and though Veitch hung on pluckily, he was on the boards and in a bad way at the call of time. In the fifth round Veitch, after nearly holding his own, was again upset, but honours were pretty even in the sixth. The next saw McDermott to much advantage, and after Veitch had been punished freely, he was knocked down in the eighth, and at the end of thirty-five seconds the contest was stopped by the referee, and given to McDermott, who was carried shoulder-high to the dressing room.

ARTHUR CALLAN v. A. J. FRANCIS.—For the second evening's entertainment at Manchester last Tuesday night, the match between Arthur Callan, of London, and A. J. Francis, of Bath, for the total sum of £90 was the chief attraction. The attendance, however, was thin, yet the programme was ambitious enough to have attracted a wide circle of sportsmen. In addition to the chief item there was an engagement between Frank Mosedale, of Bury, and Frank Escott, of Birmingham. Both Callan and Francis had undergone a studied preparation, and they entered the ring in the pink of condition. They went the whole of the twelve rounds, but Francis went down several times in the ninth round. Callan was full of vigour, and when the last round came he had his man in hopeless difficulties, and Francis gave up. It was something of a surprise that Escott should beat Mosedale, as the backers of the latter were evidently assured of his success.

BOXING CONTEST AT GIBRALTAR.—Undoubtedly a very pretty ten rounds contest took place at the Gymnasium Hall here on Wednesday night between Stoker Burns, of H.M.S. Juno, and Stoker Jones, of H.M.S. Cormorant, for a side bet of £5, and both men could not have been in better condition; the latter if anything being the fittest of the two. During round 1 honours were even, and at the sound of the gong both men were smiling. Round 2. Jones with his straight lefts, following very fair with his right, sent Burns to the ropes. Rounds 3, 4, 5, and 6. Both men met in the centre of the ring, where the spectators witnessed a fine rally, each round ending in Burns's favour. Round 7. Burns landed a straight left but fell short, Jones meeting him with a right swing which forced Burns to clinch, and the referee cautioned him as to using his head. Round 8 being pretty even; the ninth and tenth Burns had a good lead, but the decision was given to Jones on points. Burns is prepared to meet him again on the same terms if a purse is given.

MIKE McGOWAN, THE ONE-TIME 10st 4lb champion of Scotland, and trainer of Pat McDonald in his fight with Bobby Dobbs, of America, has intimated his retirement from the pugilistic arena. McGowan has put up many good encounters in the course of his varied career, and his defeat at Newcastle by Pat McDonald was due to want of proper training and carelessness. McGowan, like many of our leading boxers, has turned his attention to "gee-gees," and already his star is in the ascendant. He scooped a clear £300 over Sir Geoffrey, and at Bogside he was a clear £100 to the good. We should not be surprised to hear of him turning "backer" shortly.

JOE WALCOTT

KNOCKS OUT

DICK MOORE.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 10.—JOE WALcott to-night knocked out Dick Moore, of St. Paul, in the fourth round of what was scheduled to be a twenty rounds bout before the Eureka Athletic Club. The end came unexpectedly. Although Walcott had all the best of the contest, still Moore was in good shape when Walcott caught the western man off his guard and sent a left-hand swing on the chin and put Dick to sleep. Moore did but little fighting; he let the coloured man do all the leading, and it was simply a case of how long it would take Walcott to wear his opponent out. Joe took the aggressive at the sound of the gong. He went at Moore as if he meant business. Moore by clever blocking somewhat withstood the terrible onslaughts made by the negro. Walcott was unable to land effectively on the St. Paul man's face and soon commenced playing for the wind. In this he was very successful. Moore seemed unable to protect his stomach, and Joe ripped one right after another in the wind and soon had Moore puffing. Walcott kept up these tactics until the end. In the fourth round after a clinch Walcott retreated, and Moore followed him up with his guard down. Joe suddenly stopped, and like a flash shot his left on Dick's chin. Moore fell like a log and was counted out.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—After the Easter Holidays promoters of entertainments have not a merry time, so to speak, as far as attendances go. A big attendance was unexpected at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, but, nevertheless, there was a crowded house of spectators at the Hexham House Hall, Forth Place, Newcastle, on Saturday evening. To be a caterer of boxing and to be continually pleasing your patrons one needs must know all about the business, and it is a difficult one to understand. It is a profession in itself, but in Mr. Lowes we have a past master at the business. None knows better the manner in which to put lads together, either by weight or skill, and although he was ill all last week, he managed by proxy to provide a programme which was of a most interesting character. The plaudits of the lookers on fully testified to the excellence of the various shows. The initial show was given by J. Bell and Young Connolly, who proved a very entertaining pair, and if they were successful in pleasing, A. Stanley, of New Zealand, and J. Tait certainly were. J. Nelson and T. Elliott, of West Stanley, made a good exhibition, and we are pleased to notice the fact that Elliott seems to have taken our hints to heart, so far as exhibition boxing is concerned. "Spike" Johnson and Tom O'Niell went hard at it for three rounds, and pleased greatly, whilst George Bell and Jack Palmer boxed the best of four rounds for a purse given by a local sportsman. In this the decision was a draw, and rightly so, but the display of the men was of the best character. The principal event was an eight rounds contest between "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, and Patsy Haley, of Stockton. Physically, the men were excellently matched, and they played the game in grand style, but the Stockton youth used his left in most effective style after the second round, and eventually secured the verdict after the full number of rounds had been covered. C. Watts and J. Tait seconded the winner, and "Spider" Carr, J. Nelson, and W. Jackson the loser; Sam Francis was referee, and M. Nealis timekeeper. Mr. Lowes during the evening acted as M.C., and conducted the proceedings in his usual masterly style, and was congratulated on all sides on his speedy recovery from the severe illness which had attacked him at the beginning of the week. On Saturday next T. Elliott, of West Stanley, and "Spike" Johnson will box the best of eight rounds.

JEM TURNER, THE PORTSmouth Boxer, Distinguishes Himself at the Front.—Some time since Captain Fisher, of the Cape Police, in company with Jem Turner, late champion boxer of Portsmouth, who defeated Driver Bone—a show specially refereed by THE MIRROR OF LIFE—had a most unpleasant adventure with the enemy and narrowly escaped capture. Private Turner, seeing that his captain was "done," gave up his horse and ran alongside for some distance. Eventually, after much crawling and creeping through bushes, over stones and dongas, the main body of scouts was reached. Here Turner was given a lift on the horse, Fisher running by his side until exhausted, when he crept into a bush. Turner was despatched very unwillingly to overtake the remaining scouts, as the plucky fellow at first refused to leave his officer.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CAMPBELL and Troupe wishes to thank the following gentlemen for their kindness during their stay in Newcastle: Mr. James Lowes, Mr. James Curley (Plumbers' Arms), and Mr. Nicol Brady (Half Moon Hotel, Newcastle).

JIM FITZPATRICK, OF BELFAST, is willing to box Jim Long, of Bradford. If Long wants to box let him communicate with the club giving the best purse, or to Bill Carlisle, Harmonic Club, Stephen Street, Belfast.

GLOVE CONTESTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

HARRY McISIACS KNOCKS OUT Richard King in three rounds.—Johnnie Hare beat Abraham Willis (Australia) for £75 and 8st Championship of S.A. in fourteen rounds.—At the Oddfellows' Hall, Umgena, March 19, Abe Willis (Australia) and Johnny Hare (Plaistow) met to box twenty rounds for the above honours. Hare has made rapid strides during the last few months. Harry McIsiacs, who has learnt Hare a few dodges lately, is a clever young welter-weight, and brother to Tom Mack of that ilk, and surprised the knowing ones here by stopping King, the local heavy-weight, breaking two of his (King's) ribs in the second round. Harry McIsiacs (Canning Town) beat Richard King (Maritzburg).—King was accompanied by his brother, while Mac had his pal Johnnie and Jimmie Darrel. King led, but was short and Mac punched him in the belly, which brought him down, and on rising Mac set about him till the bell rang. The same in the second, Mac best, and halfway through the third Mac hooked King on the ribs, breaking two of them, King down and out.

TWENTY ROUNDS CONTEST.

8st Championship of South Africa.

JACK HARE beat ABE WILLIS (14 rds.)

A tame affair, one frightened of the other, till the ninth round, when Hare went in to have a fight. Willis mixed it with him in rounds 10, 11, 12, and 13. Hare best half way through the 14th round. Hare swung the right and landed fair on his opponent's jaw, which laid him across the ropes. Seeing his opponent half out would not go after him, and referee Vorweek gave his verdict to the Londoner. Remarks: McIsiacs is a clever young welter. Hare is making rapid strides. A certain reporter asked Hare: "Is that trainer of yours any good?" "Good," remarked Hare; "he's hot. Ben Harris ought to have 'im." The reporter: "Who's Ben Harris?" Hare: "Don't yer know Ben Harris; garn, you're only hanking."

S. GOODE WISHES TO KNOW IF R. Trout intends to go on with the match, if so will he cover the £5 now at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office. It is absurd on his part to think that I am going to give 2st away to such a crack boxer. I wish to have no paper business done. If he really means business and not paper talk I will box him on these conditions, that I will give him a stone away in weight and will give him £2 if he will make a match and have a side bet from £10 up to £50. I will make him a present of £5 if he will have a side bet of £50 to box the best of fifteen 3min rounds. If he thinks he is a champion and can beat anything in Portsmouth at his weight here is a chance for him with C. G., and will come a good stone lighter. An early answer will oblige.

BOXING AT LEEDS.—LAST TUESday night, at the Leeds and County Athletic Club, Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, and J. Delaney, of Bradford, met to box twelve rounds of three minutes each, for a purse. Honours were easy in the first round. In second Delaney scored well, sending Brady down with a clean knock-down blow. Brady had the best of the third round, sending Delaney down. In the fourth round Brady forced the work, and sent Delaney down to be counted out. Afterwards £5 a-side was deposited with Mr. J. H. Teague for a match for £25 a-side, at catch-weight.

JACK GIBSON AND NAT SMITH.—This contest is fixed to take place at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, on Monday, May 7. The men meet at 8st 10lb, for £100 a-side and an £80 purse given by Mr. Jemmy Lowes in a twenty rounds contest. Smith is training at Holcot, Northampton, while Gibson is once more located at his old quarters at South Shields, under the care of Harry Kent. Gibson was visited on Sunday by a few of his supporters, and was found to be looking and feeling in excellent trim. He is within two or three pounds of his weight, and has been in preparation nearly three weeks. He goes through the usual course of training, takes his constitutionals by way of Westoe, Marsden, and home by the cliffs, and then plunges into a salt-water bath. At Thompson's gymnasium punching the ball, skipping, dumbbells, and Whiteley's exerciser all being part of the programme, with the usual rubbing with oils, proof spirits, &c., by his trainer. Gibson is a very conscientious workman, and is sure to come to the mark as "fit as a fiddle." £50 a-side is now down for the match, and another sum of like amount is due on April 30.

BOXER TURNED DANCING PROmoter. — The well-known boxer Mark Bloom, who met Arthur Morris in the heavy-weight competition at Wonderland, will, in conjunction with Phil Cohen, hold a garden party at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, on Whitsun Tuesday, June 5. Among the stewards are Harry Mack, Ted Gobs, J. Seingenberg, J. Hunt, Fred Carlton, &c.

GEORGE DUNNY WILL BOX ANY lad in the world at 7st 2lb for a purse. Champions or no champions, nobody barred.

FUNERAL OF JEM GOODE, SEN.—All that remained of the above, who passed away a week ago, was laid to rest on Thursday afternoon in Finchley Cemetery. Amongst the "fancy," of which he was a prominent member, Jem Goode, sen., was known as the "Old 'Un," a title in which he took great delight, in order no doubt to distinguish him from his firstborn, who bore the same name as the parent, and as the "Old 'Un" he was carried to his grave. The funeral cortège left Union Square, Chapel Street, Islington, soon after two o'clock, and gathered together in the cemetery were many who had been closely associated with the deceased. The chief mourners were the two sons, Jem Goode and "Chesterfield" Goode. Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. C. Madden, Bob Habbijam, E. Morris, Tom Williams, Teddy Whyman, Joe Anderson, Joe Farrell, T. Gardner, sen., T. Gardner, jun., Abe Daultrey, O. Pickard, and George Pennell, while wreaths were sent by Arthur Cooper, Arthur Cockburn, "Jolly Jumbo," and "Chesterfield" Goode and family.

ALF POULTER (NEPHEW OF THE late Tom King, champion of England) and Miles Keogh (middle-weight champion of Dublin).—International boxing contest at Dublin between Miles Keogh (middle-weight champion of Ireland) and Alf Poulter (London), referred to a week or two ago as being nephew of the late Tom King. It is a genuine twenty rounds contest at catch-weights, and with the two men's abilities it ought to be worth going a long distance to witness. There is also a silver cup given for a 10st competition, for which six good boxers have entered. A fifteen rounds contest between O'Leary, of Dublin, and an Unknown, from Kingstown, will also be worth seeing. The final is between Dan Young, of Glasgow, and Dave McDonough, of Dublin, their last fight being one of the fiercest contests ever witnessed in Ireland. The tournament takes place at the conclusion of Leopardstown Races, and should prove a good finish to the day's sport.

DEATH OF MRS. GILL.—FEW VISItors to Tom Gill's house, the Green Man, the Hale, Edgware, will fail to remember Mrs. Gill. Well, this kindly hostess and right hand of poor Tom recently passed over to the majority, and the house does not seem the Green Man of old. Mrs. Gill was indeed a friend to the boxing fraternity who trained at the house, and we well remember how she took us round the larder, and showed us the immense Yorkshire hams and butter of her own making. As a training place the Green Man was like a home, and everything put before the athlete was as nice as mother makes it. Mrs. Gill was only ill two days, pneumonia supervening after influenza. The late hostess of the Green Man was buried at Hendon, and has left three children and poor Tom Gill to deeply lament her loss.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN SAYERS and Heenan.—The anniversary of the above contest took place on April 17, and on that day Mr. Douglas Holman, of New Cross, who was born in the next street to the redoubtable Tom Sayers at Pimlico, Brighton, a district of that borough long since swept away, and who has been a life-long admirer of Tom Sayers, deposited at THE MIRROR OF LIFE—which may be seen in the window—some famous relics of the game little champion. They consist of two large cabinet photos of Heenan and Sayers, taken from life by the late celebrated sporting publisher, George Newbold, a bust of Tom Sayers on a stand, Newbold's picture of the great fight, and many other relics of this great contest well worth seeing, which Mr. Holman has had in his possession for the last forty years.

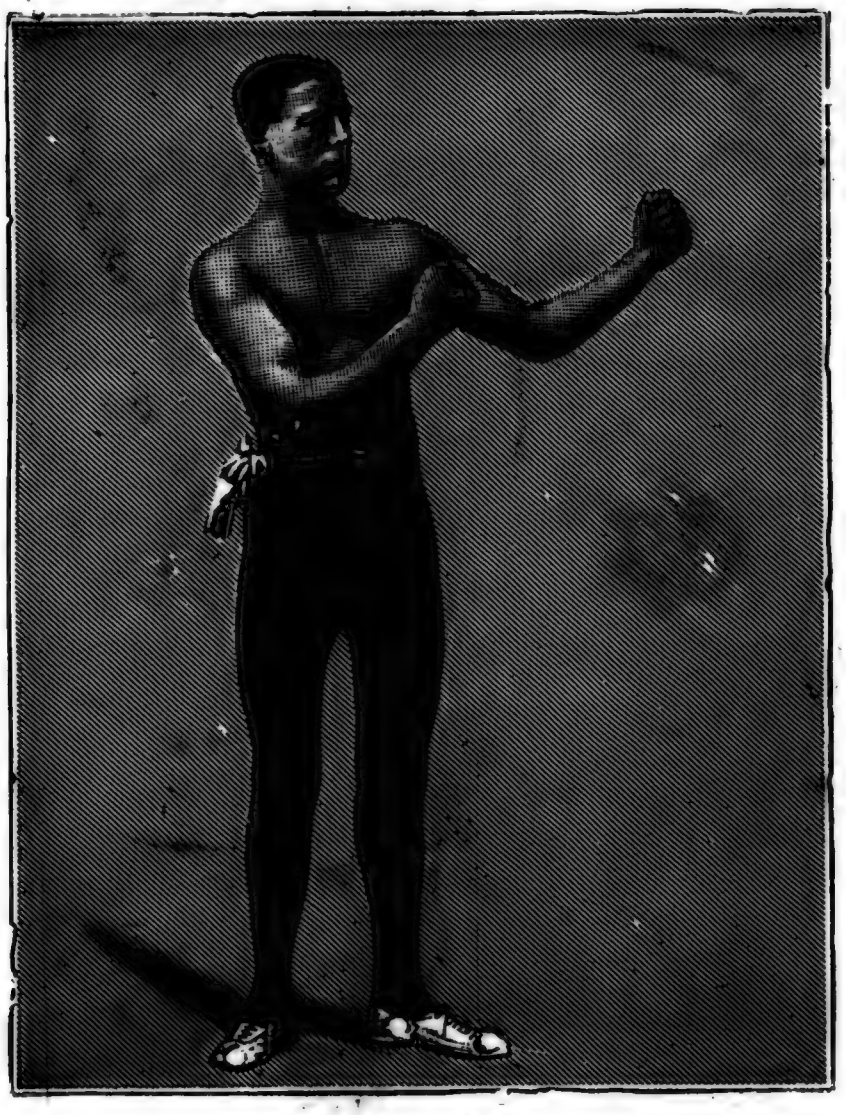
BOXING AT BARNSLEY.—A GOOD company assembled at the Circus, Barnsley, last Wednesday night, when Fred Whiteley and Fred Lees, both locals, met to contest twenty rounds at catch-weight under Marquis of Queensberry rules for £30 and a purse of £20. The men are novices, and were trained locally. Betting opened at evens, eventually reaching 50 to 40 on Lees. The affair was a short one, Lees finishing the first round with a great advantage, and after being in the ring but seven minutes, Lees knocked Whiteley out with heavy blows on the chest, and won easily.

BOROUGH OF MARYLEBONE BOXing Club.—The club, which is situate in Whitfield Place, Tottenham Court Road (Instructor Jem Barry), give their first boxing entertainment this (Wednesday) evening. The programme will consist of exhibition boxing by professionals and amateurs, an 8st 4lb competition, and one eight-round contest. The price of admittance is not high, sixpence and one shilling.

"PINCHER" MARTIN, SEEING that Harrington or Verling has not answered Tom Lidstone's challenge, will box Lidstone the best of twenty rounds for £5. An early answer will oblige.

FRANK TURNER, BEING DISSATISfied with his defeat by Fred Dufft, will box him eight or ten rounds for a purse, or will box any lad in Dartford at 9st 4lb.

JEM BARRY WILL BE PLEASED to box Ivor Thomas at 9st 6lb, either in London or S. Wales.



BILL WOOD,

Of Clapton, who was to have Met Jack Goldswain, of Bermondsey, at the National Sporting Club, April 23.

CHARLEY SMITH,

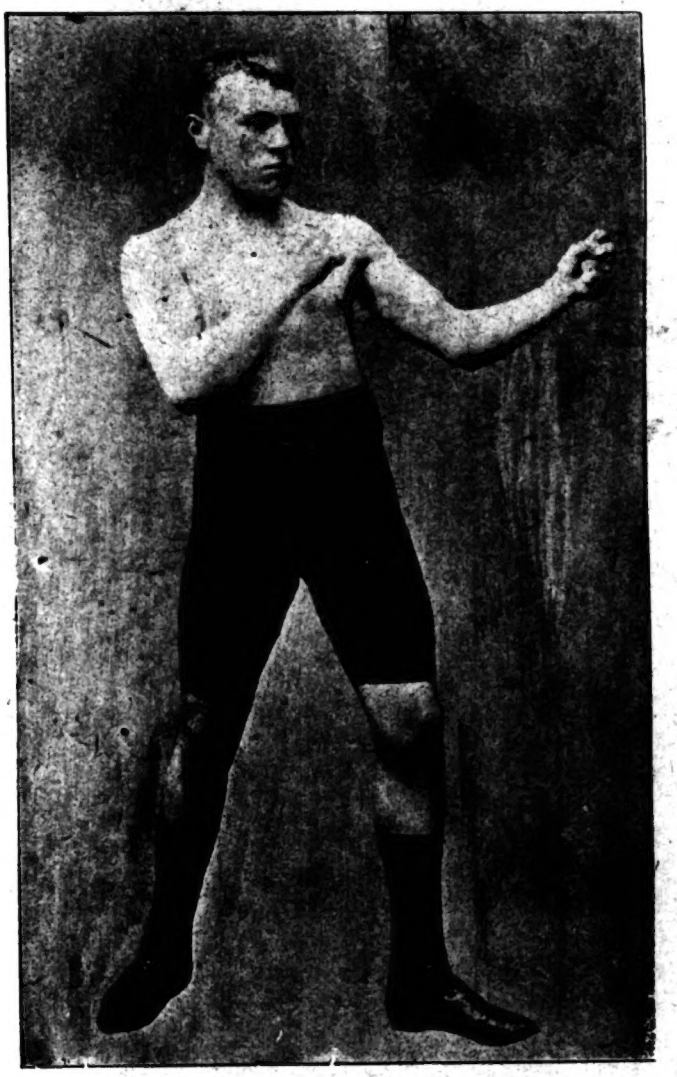
Who is Matched to Meet Bill Baxter for £25 a-side at Catch Weights.

A NEW WHEEZE TO GET THE READY DOLLAR.

Held Up and Robbed after Being Enticed into a House.

THE LATE JEM GOODE, SEN.

MISS MILLIE TREFOIL,
A Popular and Charming Actress who Intends Shortly to Invade the London Halls.



CHARLEY BROWN,
A Clever Boxer, who hails from Stamford Hill.

A NEW YORK CRAZE.
Wealthy Members of Society Gamble for Large Sums.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, April 14, 1900.

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London.

Prize fighting is a good game for the fighters. In these days when John L. Sullivans are scarce they become rich by carefully guarding their winnings and refraining from being good fellows. There is little danger of any of the noted ones being driven over the hills to the poor-house.

While the repeal of the Horton law will separate them after September 1 from the money of the easy and indulgent sport-loving New York public, most of the chamois pushers are already comfortably fixed, and may exist without working hard for the rest of their lives.

Of the fighters now before the public Tom Sharkey is perhaps the richest. He has never been accused of squandering over $5,000 in a night, and accordingly can boast of owning at least $50,000 in cold cash and a villa at Sheepshead Bay worth something like $15,000.

Of the others are: Kid McCoy, who can sign his cheque for $25,000; Peter Maher has about $5,000; Joe Choynski is worth $20,000; Fitzsimmons, $15,000; Terry McGovern, $40,000, and owns a house in South Brooklyn valued at $7,000; Dave Sullivan, $3,000; Spike Sullivan, about $3,000 in ready cash and a house at Coney Island worth $12,000; Jack O'Brien, $4,000; Matty Matthews, $3,500; Frank Erne, $5,000; Joe Gans, $4,500; Kid Broad, $1,800; Tommy West, $2,500; George McFadden, almost $4,000; Joe Walcott, $5,500; and George Dixon, possibly $2,000, and a saloon on Sixth Avenue.

Jim Jeffries left for Allenhurst, N.J., yesterday, and upon his arrival at that place began training for his coming meeting with Jim Corbett at Coney Island next month. The champion was accompanied by Tommy Ryan and his brother Jack, who will have sole charge of the big fellow's preparation. Jeffries will do his work at the same cottage where he got into trim for his encounters with Sharkey and Fitzsimmons. The gymnasium has been enlarged somewhat. The first thing Jeffries will do will be to take off weight and harden his muscles. He declares that his wind is almost perfect and that one week on the road will help to make it all right. Before the champion left town he said:

"Many persons think that Corbett will whip me. That's the way I want them to think. It will serve to rouse interest and make matters lively. As I am going to do a lot of fighting during the summer, I will try to defeat Corbett as quickly as possible, so as to convince the public that my victories over Fitzsimmons and Sharkey were not in the nature of a fluke."

Several sports, headed by John Considine, went to Lakewood yesterday to see Corbett. They were greatly enthused over the ex-champion's condition, and state that he is nearly as fit now as when he won the title from John L. Sullivan nearly eight years ago at New Orleans. Bob Fitzsimmons also began work yesterday for his two matches. The Cornishman expects to be in better fettle in the summer than he has been in for years. Bob took a seven-mile jog through Central Park yesterday. He was accompanied by Ernest Roeber and Dan Hickey. He also boxed eight rounds in a local gymnasium. Fitz will move his effects to Bergen Beach either to-day or to-morrow, and settle down there to hard work. The ex-champion regards Ed. Dunkhorst, whom he is to tackle this month, just as hard a game as Gus Ruhlin, who will face him in June, and will not take any chances. Ruhlin, who is now with Corbett, is also in the best of health, and has learned a good deal from the Californian. Sharkey is another one of the heavyweights who is getting ready for his combats with Kid McCoy and Ruhlin. The ex-sailor is quartered at Sheepshead Bay. A report went the rounds of the sporting resorts yesterday that unless George Siler officiates as referee Jeffries will not tackle Jem Corbett at Coney Island next month. According to an intimate friend of the champion, Jeffries and Siler had quite a chat at Detroit last Friday night, after the brawny boilermaker had disposed of Jack Finnigan in jig time. Jeffries is said to have informed Siler that unless he officiated there would be no fight. The "Sun" reporter's informant has this to say:—"Jeffries thinks that Siler is the squarest and one of the best referees in the ring, and as champion he declares that he reserves the right to select a man who in his opinion best suits him. You know that Siler is not in good odour with the local promoters of boxing on account of his decision in the Jeffries-Sharkey match, and for this reason he has been excluded from officiating in the East, especially in this city. Jeffries is aware of this, but as he is Siler's friend he will stick out for him until the last. Should he do so you can bet that there won't be any fight, for the Seaside people won't stand for Siler. Of course if the fight is not held Brady will have to sacrifice $5,000 as a forfeit. Corbett won't give in to Siler, but he has never stated any reasons why. I have also been told that Jeffries does not want any holding in the match, but will insist on the men fighting themselves free." Terry McGovern, the champion bantam and feather-weight of the world, who had been playing an engagement at the Star Theatre, Troy, left the city Thursday morning with his exchequer sadly depleted as a result of a bout with "King Faro." McGovern had an appointment at the close of his performance with Joe J. Sullivan, J. Herbert Mack, Frank Barry, Harry Walters, and his manager, Sam Harris, all members of New York Aerie Fraternal Order of Eagles, who were in town attending the institution of Troy Aerie. Terry was delayed and did not appear until the ceremonies had concluded. Then he was made the subject of raillery, and the chairman imposed on him a fine of 50 cents and gave him five minutes to pay it. Terry declared he would make some Trojan pay the amount, and decided to battle a few rounds with the tiger. He spent several hours at play, trying to win the half-dollar, but finally went broke and quit. When the banker took an inventory of his winnings it was found that the sportive little pugilist had dropped about $1,500 into the claws of the striped carnivore. Harris said he had concluded not to let McGovern go to England and fight Ben Jordan next winter at the National Sporting Club. He said that his present business arrangements will prevent Terry from leaving America for at least a year, as he is to be a full-fledged actor next season in a melodrama called the "Bowery After Dark." If Jordan will visit America, Harris continued, Terry will lay off a couple of weeks and fight him. Joe Walcott, the "Barbadoes Wonder," who knocked out Dick Moore the other night, acted the part of a good Samaritan, and consequently is now mourning the loss of a five-dollar bill. Walcott was walking down Druid Hill Avenue, when a coloured man approached him and said, "Hello, Johnson, how are you?" "My name ain't Johnson," replied Joe. "Oh, yes it is," said the stranger; "I met you in London." "Nebber bin to London. My name's Walcott and I jest come from New York." The stranger then disappeared. After he had walked a couple of more squares Walcott was approached by coloured man No. 2. "Hello, Joe," he said. "Who are you?" asked the pugilist. "Oh, we met in New York," said the man. "Oh, I meet so many people I can't remember you," answered Joe. The stranger then told a pitiful tale of a sick wife, and wound up by borrowing $5 from Walcott. When the latter reached the Eureka A.C., and told his story he immediately got the ha! ha! by the crowd. He then realised that he had been buncoed, and said, "Well, I guess I lose; but say, how did that fellow know my name?" Tommy Ryan says that during the past two years he has been overwhelmed with communications from admirers from all over the country regarding his ancestry. "I have been asked whether I am a Hebrew. In answer to this my reply is that I am not. While I regard the Jewish race as one of the noblest in the world, I cannot be anything else than I really am. I was born at Syracuse. My father was a Frenchman and my mother half English and half French. There is no Hebrew or Irish blood in me. I ran away from home when I was a small boy and went into boxing. My folks were against it and I took the name of Ryan because the Mayor of Syracuse at the time, who was a good friend of mine, was named Tommy Ryan." At Youngstown, Ohio, Matty Matthews met two men before the Niles Athletic Club last Monday night. Billy Payne, of Philadelphia, stayed six rounds, Matthews getting the decision on points. Dan McConnell, of Camden, N.J., was put to sleep in the third round after two minutes and seventeen seconds of hard, fast fighting. Matthews did not show up well, and appeared to be overtrained. He rushed his man continually, but failed to land on Payne, who went down twice to avoid punishment, for which he was hissed. At Philadelphia, Kid Broad and Tim Callahan were the principals in the wind-up at the Penn Art Club, Monday night. They went the six rounds at a very rapid gait, the odds at the end being slightly in Callahan's favour. Broad was the more rugged and paid little or no attention to Callahan's straight left jabs. He was sluggish in his movements, however, the local lad easily evading his ponderous swings. Outside of the swelling over Broad's right eye, neither boy was the worse for his go at the finish. Joshua T. Campbell died yesterday morning. Mr. Campbell was the grandfather of Charles McCoy, generally known as "Kid" McCoy, the professional boxer. Mr. Campbell was ninety-two years old. The stock of the family has been prominent as one of the most sturdy in Indiana for several generations. Edward Hanlon, the ex-champion oarsman of the world, who is to coach the school-boys and members of the Union Boat Club, has arrived at Boston from Toronto. He is looking much stouter, and he says he tips the scales at 210lb. Speaking of professional scullers' movements, Hanlon said: "The advent of the English champions will create a stir on this side of the water and particularly in Canada, where much interest is still shown in professional racing. My work at the Union Boat Club will get me into fine condition for any contests that may come during the season. As regards the championship, it will die a natural death unless somebody gets it away from Gaudaur, who is up in the northern part of Canada, and will not come out. I don't blame Gaudaur, who is in business there, but it would be better for rowing if the champion would meet the ambitious men as I used to do. I believe that Gaudaur is a faster man than Townes, and, if they come together, that he will beat the English champion. As for Sullivan, who accompanies Townes, I am ready for him, and, for that matter, I will have a try at Townes if he and Gaudaur do not come together." Jimmy Michael's career as horse owner and jockey has probably ended, at least that as jockey has, and so soon as he can sell two horses that are now at Bennings he will leave the thoroughbreds alone. He has been training for the wheel and will soon be ready for a hard race. Several trainers, among them "Mother" Webb, are after the "Welsh rarebit."

THE TATTLER.

A NEW WHEEZE TO GET THE READY DOLLARS.

Held Up and Robbed After Being Enticed Into a House.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A new mode of blackmailing has just been unearthed at Boston, America. A wealthy gentleman was enticed into a house of questionable respectability, and while seated in the drawing-room two men with thick crape covering their faces entered, and with threats demanded money; the gentleman attempted to leave, but the thieves barred his progress and presented a pistol to his head. After satisfying their demands he was allowed to leave unmolested.

POLICE RAID A LONDON CLUB.

Arrested Men March Through the Streets.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The police carefully lay their plans when a club raid is about to take place. Generally a day is chosen when it is known that the club in question will be well patronised, and plenty of members will be bagged. Surrounding the building to prevent escape, the doors are invaded by detectives, and the members who are arrested are given the choice of calling a cab or walking to the lock-up. Many choose the latter, and with a crowd at their heels they march two and two to the police-station, where, usually, after their names are taken they are set at liberty.

MISS MILLIE TREFOIL,

A Popular and Charming Actress who Intends Shortly to Invade the London Halls.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Millie Trefoil is a charming American comedienne. Having made rapid strides in her chosen profession on the other side, she intends to visit London and Paris, at which latter place she has secured a valuable engagement to appear at the Exposition.

Steve Taylor, the well-known old-time pugilist, died at the City Hospital, Boston, of pneumonia, brought on by a prolonged debauch of several months. He had been living in New York City for some time and was employed in a west-end saloon for several years. He had a host of friends, and many of them stuck to him until the very last. Several sisters came here from Jersey City, and took the remains to that place for burial. Taylor's real name was John Mahan. He was born in Ireland about forty-seven years ago, and when he fought weighed about 170lb. He was 5ft 11in tall, and was one of the most skilful boxers of his day. John L. Sullivan in his reminiscences says of him: "When Jem Mace first came to this country Taylor was regarded as the only American who could make a stand against him. Among his other experiences were those of training Paddy Ryan for his fight with Joe Goss, and sparring all over the country with Mace. Subsequently he made similar tours with my own combination." Taylor's first experience with Sullivan was historic, because he was the only one to accept Sullivan's novel offer to give any man 50dols who would stand before him for four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with gloves. The affair took place at Harry Hill's noted Houston Street resort, March 31, 1881. As Sullivan puts it: "After I had got in a few hard knocks in two rounds Taylor acknowledged defeat." Taylor's first battle was with Mike Flaherty at Weehawken. He then fought a game draw with Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn. He met in his time George Rorke, Billy Edwards, and Charley McDonald, champion of Canada, whom he defeated in eighteen rounds. Taylor was married several years ago to a snake charmer. She secured a divorce last May on the ground of abusive treatment. Then Steve went to the dogs.

A COUPLE OF TENDERFEET HELD UP.

They are Compelled to Stand Drinks to the Motley Crew of Miners and Indians.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A couple of tenderfeet had struck the town of Cape Nome in Alaska. Their arrival by the mixed population was greeted with cheers, and a demand was immediately made upon them for drinks all round, and to enforce the argument a couple of native Indians armed with long, gleaming knives threatened them with instant death if they refused to comply with the request. Of course everything happened peacefully, and the bar-tenders in jig time supplied the motley crew with fiery stimulants.

THE LATE JEM GOODE, SENIOR.

(With Portrait.)

Last week we gave an account of the life and death of Jem Goode, and this week we present our readers with a portrait of the old man whose heart and soul was in boxing, so much so that the "Old 'Un" (a title in which the elder Goode rejoiced) was seen at his best when either of his sons were engaged as combatants. The old man was buried early last week.

The following story is going the rounds of the Tenderloin. John L. Sullivan has been telling recently interesting stories of how he spent, lost, gave away and was robbed of the million dollars he made by earning—and fairly earning—the pugilistic championship. John L. tells all this as happening several years ago; but he forgets to mention the little fifteen spots he lost a week ago. The "big fellow" is a full-fledged Tenderloiner now, and any one of that class is expected to be "as fly as they make 'em," and the last ones to be made suckers of, to use John L.'s expressive language. But, alas, John L. was done, and done brown and rich. He may not in consequence like to see the story in print, but it's too good to keep. A journal man was in John's place the other evening, and the boniface hailed him at once:—"Say, old boy, do you know Tim?" "Tim? Tim who?" was the reply. "Tim Murnane," Sullivan said. "Tim Murnane, of Boston, the baseball writer? Of course I do." "Well, is this his fist?" John said, holding out a billet doux for inspection. The note was a "hurry touch" of the rankest kind, and John was told so, and also that Murnane had not been here since the baseball meeting. "A look of sadness, a flush of shame" o'er the face of the champion spread. "Bilked again, and running a joint in the Tenderloin, too! What do you think of a mug like me? I'll tell you all about it, but here, waiter, the drinks are on me. Give my friend what he wants. Well, you see, my telephone rang yesterday afternoon and a mug hollers: 'Is that you, John L.?' I says: 'Yes, of course it is. Who do you think it is, Duncan Harrison?' 'No;' the mug says, 'I'm Tim.' ''Tim who?' says I. 'Murnane,' says the mug in a sort of a muzzled voice, as if he had his head in a bucket of mush. 'Now, I know Murname, and he's a good fellow, one of the best, and I knew him in Boston. 'Oh, is that you, Tim?' I says. "Merry Christmas!" Thanks, says the mug with a frog in his throat: 'but can't you lend me a ten-spot until to-morrow, John? I'm in a little game up here and I'm broke.' 'All right, Tim, I said. 'I haven't got a block of houses just now, but a tenner won't break me.' 'All right,' says the mug. I'll send a messenger down for it.' Sure enough in about five minutes a messenger boy came rushing in with a note which read, 'Make it fifteen if you can, John,' and I, like a sucker, put another five to the ten."

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